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JANUARY 25, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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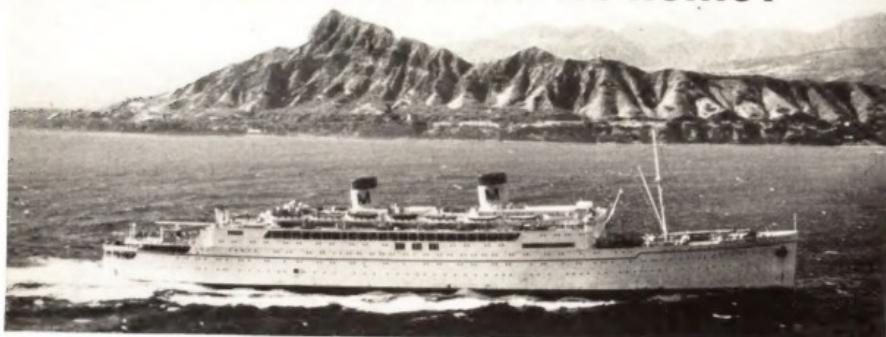
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TIME
January 25, 1960

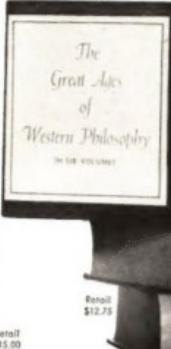
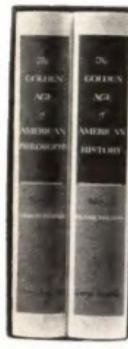
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Volume LXXV
Number 4



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LETTERS

Birthquake

Sir:

The Jan. 11 cover of TIME, noting "That Population Explosion," should prove most effective in calling attention to one of this world's greatest problems. The only thing lacking was the artist's omission of the figure of a man—the cause of it all. I cannot believe artificial birth control is the answer.

JAMES G. H. MITCHELL

Portsmouth, Va.

Sir:

Your statement that "population experts still have no real idea what makes people decide to have more or fewer babies" may be explained by considering the very nature of the marital act. Unless the couple are responsible citizens both socially and morally, not much thought of babies, pro or con, enters the picture.

It would be interesting to see the picture were every couple required to take an oral fertility pill in order to bear children.

NANCY V. GILES

Wyoming, Pa.

Sir:

Why pass over the migration solution so quickly? Granting that 600 years hence we will be down to one square meter apiece, if we look 600 years the other way, we were still more than 100 years from finding the whole Western Hemisphere—when esteemed leaders still were sure the world was flat.

I invite our present-day religious and scientific dooms-merchants to look to the sky on a clear night. God made all those other worlds out there, too. Will it take more courage to venture out there in 1992 than it did for Columbus' crew to sail off the edge of the sea?

JOHN R. POWELL

Valladolid, Ga.

Sir:

It is a point of historical interest that concern over what we now call the "population explosion" did not begin with Malitus Tertullian, writing about the year 200 A.D., referred to as "the teeming population of the earth" and to "complaints that nature no longer suffices to supply our needs." Tertullian's view that "pestilence, famine, war and earthquakes must be regarded as a remedy for this condition, a pruning, as it were, of the too fruitful human race" was a commonplace in the ancient world, but will hardly commend itself, morally or scientifically, to population experts today.

WILLIAM LE SAINT, S. J.

West Baden Springs, Ind.

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Sir:

May I suggest a new word for this earth-shaking convulsion: birthquake.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

No Dice

Sir:

I am fascinated by the picture of President Eisenhower and the Shah of Iran in the



Associated Press

THE SHAH & IKE

Dec. 28 issue of TIME. Can it be that the Shah and our Ike are shooting craps?

DOROTHY BRYANT

New York City

¶ No. They are inspecting a portrait of Ike, a gift from the Shah.—Ed.

Man of the Year

Sir:

Congratulations on your Jan. 4 recognition of President Eisenhower as the Man of the Year. Justice has been done to a great man.

ISABEL PARRA

Santurce, P.R.

Sir:

The world will long wait before finding another man so dedicated to peace and the well-being of his fellow man.

BARBARA VAN WINKLE

Reisterstown, Md.

Sir:

Good grief! Golfer of the Year, yes. Man of the Year? No, no a thousand times no!

D. KELLEY

San Antonio

Sir:

TIME found the perfect compromise. Between the man who did the most good or

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the most evil in the world, TIME picked the man who did absolutely nothing.

KAREN E. FIELD

Detroit

Sir:

Man of the Year—a gross understatement!
More properly—Man of the Century.

CHARLES B. HIGGINS

Delray Beach, Fla.

¶ In TIME's sweepstakes inviting readers to guess whom the editors would choose as Man of the Year, Eisenhower ran first with 25%, Castro second with 18%, and Khrushchev third with 9% of the votes. Readers who nominated their own candidate voted: Eisenhower, first; Dr. Thomas Dooley of Laos, second; Castro, third.—Ed.

Those Swastikas

Sir:

Although I lost my father in the concentration camp of Auschwitz when I was eleven years old, and have no desire to see a new police state established anywhere, I refuse to participate in the current wave of mass hysteria over the swastika issue, by many Americans considered a sign of another anti-Semitic feeling in Germany.

The recent events in Germany may or may not reflect any serious anti-Jewish sentiments of the whole German nation, but whatever the case may prove to be, the Germans are perfectly capable of treating the matter properly. Many of the people demanding severe measures against German "crackpots" tend too often to let American delinquents go free, owing to their youth, in spite of violations of more serious consequence than a brush and paint.

JOHN ZALAS

Chicago

Garbage Man?

Sir:

Scientific speculation [such as Astronomer Gold's theory that life on earth may have been planted by microbes from refuse of visiting space travelers a billion years ago—Jan. 4] was always intriguing, but so often its primary result is the annihilation of God.

By what or whom was the original energy itself created? Above all, how can the intricate mathematical organization of the universe, shown so graphically by the mathematical substructure of each of the sciences, be explained, unless there be a great mathematical mind behind it all? That mind is God the Creator.

ROBERT M. DELANCY

New Castle, Pa.

Sir:

Astronomer Gold will have to be careful. People still have not forgiven Darwin for proving that man descended from the lower animals. But men from garbage! In that case, we better watch our step exploring other planets. No telling what we'll start.

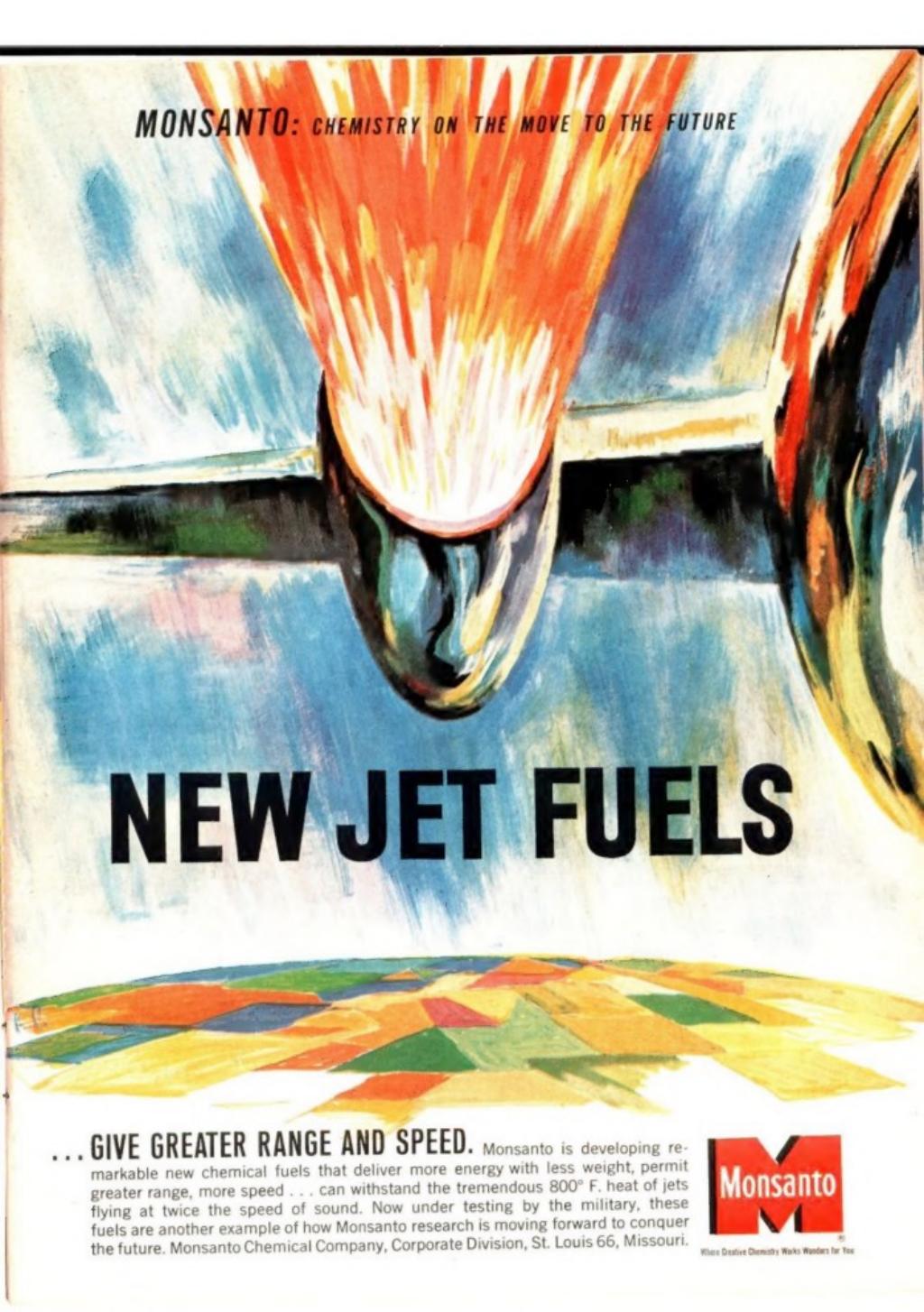
ROGER VERNON

Paris

Young Life

Sir:

As chairman of the National Board of Young Life Campaign, I wish to comment on your Jan. 4 report of the action against Young Life taken by five New Canaan ministers. Eight charges were made in what was described as a "stern denunciation." Having been closely associated with Young Life for more than 19 years, I can sincerely testify that most of the charges are without foundation and that the implication of all of them is unjustified. We urge the New Canaan ministers to take time to look into



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Young Life, delve into its activities and to check carefully on the results in the lives of thousands of teen-agers who have been reclaimed for active participation in the church of their choice.

C. DAVIS WEYERHAEUSER

Tacoma, Wash.

Sir:

New Canaanites seem to be having some of the same trouble that old Canaanites had almost 2,000 years ago. They were called "scribes and pharisees," and they crucified one who sought to take the boredom out of traditional religion and put "life" into it.

As the pastor of a suburban church whose young people attend Young Life Club each week and Young Life Camps in Colorado each summer, I can speak from personal experience and say that they are doing an excellent work among teen-agers. As a minister who acts as an adviser in the Juvenile Court of Baltimore County, and with 100 teen-agers in our Sunday school, I am most grateful for Young Life.

(THE REV.) W. R. TAYLOR

Babcock Memorial Presbyterian Church
Baltimore

Sir:

In our community this movement has taken a foothold that makes us all wonder where it is going and what next. Ask parents what Young Life is and they don't know. Ask them why they let the kids go, and they don't know. Ask the kids what they do and why they go. They say, "I don't know." Everyone seems to take the attitude, "Don't worry. These kids are in good hands."

With the teaching that has gone on in our area, once these youths get into Young Life, they leave the church. They've been told the church has nothing for them. In the church we ask them to learn to lead, to share in the work, to share in the cost, to become responsible. In Young Life they have none of these. The leader does it all.

To me the greatest danger is youth being led by untrained people, where they don't know. No one asks. They accept everything that is told them. When youth asks no questions, when leaders answer no questions, when parents don't know, look out.

(THE REV.) EDWIN JOHNSON
St. Anthony Park Congregational Church
St. Paul, Minn.

De Gustibus . . .
Sir:

Please allow me to send these several words of thanks for the nice write-up about "Auxilium Latinum" in the Jan. 4 issue of TIME. I thought the italicized Latin caption beneath the picture of myself was clever.

A. E. WARSLEY
Editor

Auxilium Latinum
Elizabeth, N.J.

O Tempore:

*Jocis carpere vel noli
nostris, vel tuos proprios ede recteque
reddere.*⁶

FRANK L. PETERS JR.
Springfield, Mo.

Sir:

Editor Warsley intends translating Elvis Presley's *Hound Dog* into Latin. We translated it into the Greek of Plato when we were in high school. In Greek "You ain't nothing but a hound dog" came out: *οὐ μέν
οὐκ εἰ σιδέρης ἀλλὰ οὐ καὶ θηρευτός.*

PETER CASEY

Montreal, Que.

* At the risk of destroying Reader Peters' humor, TIME translates his letter: "You say you want to jest? Either do not use the joke in our language, or do not translate it literally into your own and destroy it."

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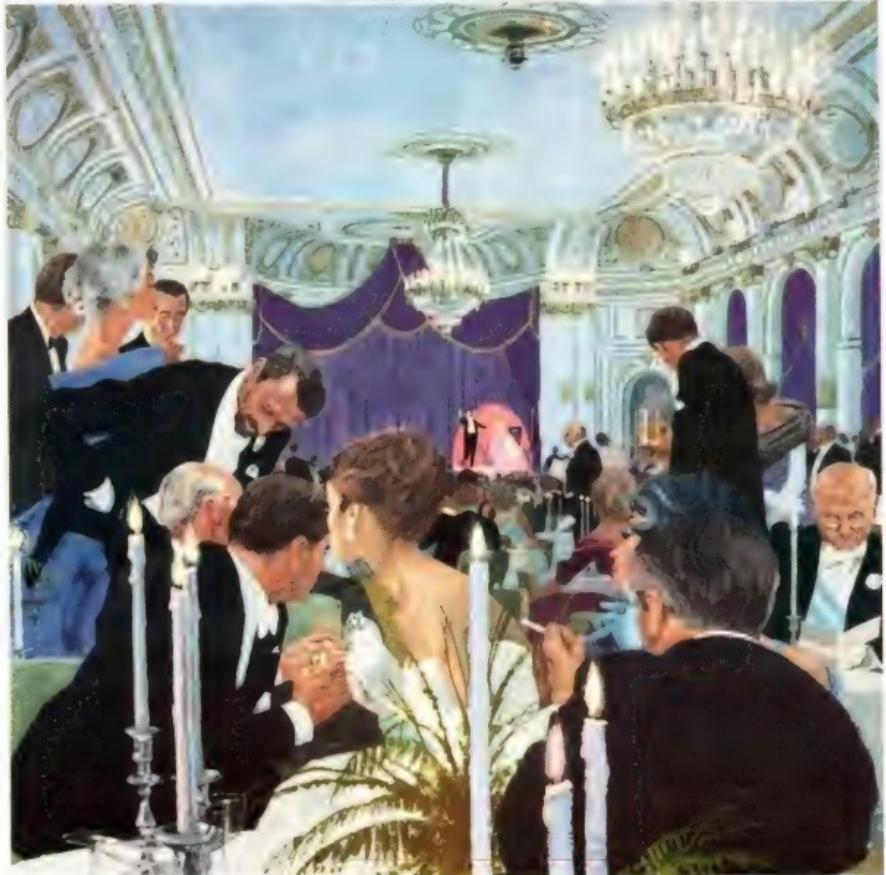
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Vol. LXXV No. 4

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 25, 1960

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Porcelain & Clay

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness . . .

—Charles Dickens

Last week, as in every week in human history, in the best of times and in the worst of times, the leaders of the world's nations played out their separate parts. In Washington, President Eisenhower presented his annual budget to the Congress—one that presages the most prosperous year in U.S. history, making possible a tidy budget surplus. In Moscow, Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev announced that the Red army will be cut by 1,200,000 men (wary Western diplomats listened hopefully, but wondered if it was not just another refrain from a familiar Russian lullaby). In Paris, Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon exhorted 18 members of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation to join the U.S. and Canada in a gigantic economic pool to help solve mutual problems and share the heavy responsibility for aiding underprivileged nations.

But notably last week, just another week in the life of the daily newspaper, the break of the news seemed to dramatize the human scene at less lofty levels, to

bring into focus the old, old fact that with the wise must come the foolish, the weak, the greedy and the evil. In terms of journalism, it was tabloid week. Two great universities were rocked to their foundations by campus scandals. Eleven students resigned from Yale after a 14-year-old nymphet, daughter of a well-to-do Hamden, Conn., family, named them as her partners (along with 20 others) in a dormitory sex orgy. And the respected dean of Louisiana State University's graduate school, a scientist of world renown, was arrested and charged with the bludzom murder of a woman biologist.

In Los Angeles, Dr. R. Bernard Finch, wealthy and socially prominent physician (with a big swimming pool) and Carole Tregoff, his pretty paramour, were in the midst of a trial for their lives, accused of murdering the doctor's wife in cold blood. On the other side of the world the missing heiress to a typewriter fortune, Debutante Gamble Benedict, turned up in Paris with her Rumanian lover, a married man (see PEOPLE).

Neither the trust of public office nor compassion for fellow men stemmed the tabloid flow of the news. In New York City, Hulan Jack, borough president of Manhattan, suspended himself from office after his indictment for criminal conspiracy to obstruct justice. Eight Chicago policemen, technically guardians of the

law and justice, were arrested as the leaders of a brazen, multithousand-dollar burglary ring. In the case of two airline crashes in which 76 hapless passengers lost their lives, fingers of suspicion pointed to Julian Frank, a heavily insured lawyer who died in one crash, and to Robert Spears, a convicted forger who may have died in the other. In each case, the investigations centered on a grim possibility: the premeditated bombing of both planes in mid-air.

It was a week of excitement, a week of scandal and human tragedy, yet a week with a certain meaning: despite man's highest aspirations and achievements, the human clay is still far from porcelain.

THE BUDGET

Toward a Surplus

"I believe our people have the determination to hold expenditures in check to pay their own way without borrowing from their children," wrote President Eisenhower this week as he sent the U.S. budget to Congress. For fiscal year 1961 (beginning next July 1), the President set federal expenditures at \$79.8 billion (up \$1.4 billion from 1960 spending), estimated revenues at \$84 billion (up \$3.4 billion)—and thereby envisioned a surplus of \$4.2 billion.

Even more meaningful than the overall



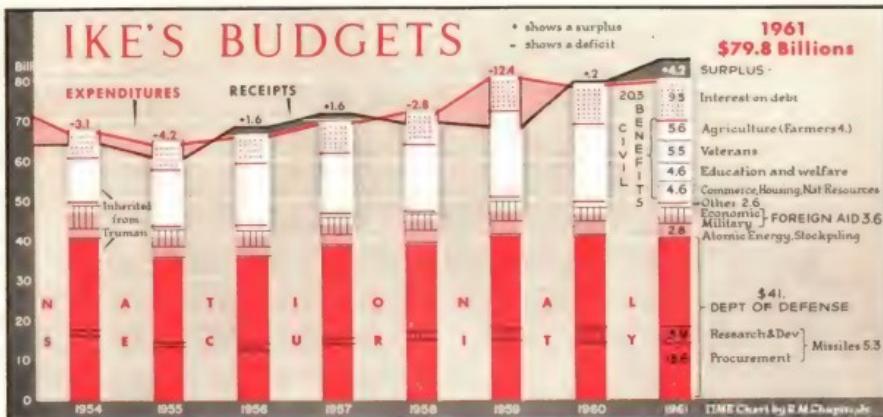
Dominique Barretta
U.S.'s DILLON & EUROPEAN CONFEREES

Along with the wise, there are always the foolish, the weak, the greedy, the evil.



WIDOW FRANK (LEFT) & FAMILY

Associated Press



figures was the fact that Dwight Eisenhower, refusing to bow to the political temptation of tax cutting in an election year, urged that the surplus be applied to the staggering national debt of \$284.5 billion. Behind that decision lay the governing philosophy of the Eisenhower Administration: the conviction that a strong domestic economy, based on a sound dollar, is vital to the future of the U.S. and the free world.

In its massed columns of figures the 1961 budget reflects U.S. confidence in the present and hopes for the months ahead. The whopping revenue estimates were based on Treasury Department forecasts that, in calendar year 1960, the U.S.'s gross national product will soar for the first time in history above the \$500 billion mark—and by at least \$10 billion. Even so, President Eisenhower was able to say happily at his news conference last week: "We are accused of being too conservative."

But in the interests of achieving a budget surplus, not even the prospects of a vastly prosperous year were such that the President could recommend tax cuts. Instead, he called for the extension of some expiring taxes and for increases in others. He asked that the 52¢ tax on corporate income, scheduled to drop to 47¢ after June 30, be maintained at present levels for another year. He also requested that the 10% excise on local telephone calls and transportation be continued, that the federal gasoline tax be raised from 4¢ to 4½¢, that taxes on standard aviation fuel (now 2¢) and jet fuels (now exempt) be put at 4½¢, and that the rate on first-class letters go up from 4¢ to 5¢.

On the spending side of the ledger, national defense, to which \$41 billion (almost the same as in fiscal 1960) was allotted, would as always claim the hugest chunk of federal money—and again, as always, was likely to be the most hotly debated part of the budget (see below).

In other spending areas there were few startling changes. Explained Budget Director Maurice Stans: "Most major areas got some minor increases, and there were no serious cuts."

Military Security: A total of \$4.1 billion was requested for military and economic aid. In 1960 the Administration's \$3.9 billion request was cut by Congress to \$3.2 billion.

Space: Under heavy criticism for the U.S. space lag, the President asked that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration be raised from \$325 million to \$500 million for nonmilitary space work. The President ordered NASA to step up the U.S. drive in "the developing of large space vehicle systems essential to the exploration of space."

Agriculture: The 1961 budget calls for \$5.6 billion, up 10% from 1960 spending. Continued high spending, said the budget message, is required "primarily because of continued high agricultural production and the past unwillingness of Congress to make appropriate modifications in the long-established price support laws." Seeking to retire more land from production, the budget adheres to Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson's plan to boost soil bank outlays by \$150 million a year, cut payments for conservation practices by the same amount. No matter what Congress does about the Eisenhower recommendations, the U.S. farm program is certain to remain the most shameful item in the federal budget.

Debt Interest: The U.S. must pay \$9.5 billion in interest on its national debt—up by \$200 million and comprising 12% of all federal expenditures.

In fighting his budget through the Congress, President Eisenhower is likely to run into the troubles predictable in any election year. But he is armed with his immense national prestige and his veto power, and most predictions are that the budget will remain much as he presented it.

Stress on Missiles

From President Eisenhower's \$41 billion defense budget emerged dramatic evidence of the strategic change brought on by rocket-age technology: for the first time in its history, the U.S. plans to spend more on missiles than on manned aircraft. For fiscal 1961, the Defense Department budget calls for \$6 billion in new money on missiles and missile bases, with \$5.2 billion going for aircraft.

While both the Army, with a defense-spending share of \$9.4 billion, and the Navy, at \$11.7 billion, get slight increases over fiscal 1960, the Air Force, in its change to emphasis on missiles over rockets, takes a cut of \$18.8 million, to a level of \$18.6 billion. But with that money, the Air Force will be able to buy 72 more Atlas and 50 more Titan missiles, bringing its intercontinental ballistic missile force to a total of 270 by the end of 1963. Also scheduled for the Air Force: \$350 million for 15 test models of the solid-fuel, second-generation Minuteman missile (see SCIENCE).

The aircraft cutbacks proposed by the Administration would permit the Air Force to build only 40 more Boeing B-52 jet bombers, bringing the B-52 force to a total of 700 by the end of 1963, and only 30 more delta-wing, 1,400-m.p.h. Convair B-58s, for a total of 86. Air Force planners were distressed that only \$70 million was earmarked for two prototype models of the 2,000-m.p.h. B-70 long-range bomber, which airmen envisage as being able to fly anywhere in the world within five hours and to lay as many as 100 small A-bombs on target. A couple of Air Force consolations: the budget gives the go-ahead on increased construction of KC-135 jet tankers, authorizes the purchase of 220 more F-105s for tactical nuclear missions. The Air Force schedules of Dwight Eisenhower's 1961 budget would surely come in for the most criticism.

But President Eisenhower was plainly

determined to defend his military budget. Asked a provocative question about defense spending at his news conference last week, the President bristled. "I've spent my life in this," he snapped, "and I know more about it than almost anybody. I think, in the country, I believe that the matter of defense has been handled well and efficiently." The closer, item-by-item analysis of the defense budget to be made by Congress and the country's military specialists would throw more specific light on the issue. The key question: Ike says the \$41 billion budget is enough, but is it? Prime witnesses in settling the debate: the chiefs of the three armed services, who are scheduled to testify within the next two weeks.

THE PRESIDENCY

Interlude

It was raw and rainy in the Washington-Gettysburg area, and the President of the U.S., his week's work done, decided that a weekend around there would be no weekend at all. Dwight Eisenhower therefore got on the telephone, called several old friends, arranged for a get-together down South. Next morning Ike boarded his Air Force Boeing 707 jet at Andrews Air Force Base, Md., flew to the 14,000-acre Blue Springs, Ga., plantation of W. Alton ("Pete") Jones, chairman of the executive committee of Cities Service Co., to put in a couple of days hunting quail.

Ike could hardly wait to start hunting. He would be out with a shotgun, he told reporters, just "as soon as they feed me." Right after lunch in Pete Jones's three-story white colonial mansion, Ike turned out in a rust-colored suede jacket over a tan cashmere shirt. In 3½ hours the President's party flushed 26 coveys of quail, and Ike himself, using a 20-gauge automatic shotgun, brought down eight birds. Next day he returned to the hunt, bagged his legal limit of twelve.

The Georgia trip was a pleasant interlude. But as President Eisenhower prepared to fly back to Washington at week's end, a White House announcement underscored the work that lay ahead. The President of the U.S., said the announcement had set the dates June 10-10 for his visit to Russia to see Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev.

THE CONGRESS

Sinesco Discenses

The year: 1867, in the dark aftermath of the Civil War. In that year New York's ruthless Roscoe Conkling and Ohio's tough, slovenly Ben Wade ruled the U.S. Senate, waving the vengeful flag of Reconstruction. In that year, too, in Providence, R.I., was born Theodore Francis Green, a kind and gentle person who—a full 70 years later—entered the Senate. Last week, closing out his fourth term, "Teddy" Green announced that he would not stand for re-election in 1960. At 92, he was already the oldest man ever to serve in Congress.

Heir to a family textiles fortune in Providence, Green went to Brown University, Harvard Law School, the Universities of Berlin and Bonn. He taught Roman law at Brown, also began working at Rhode Island Democratic politics. Elected Governor in 1933, he swept clean with a stiff broom: in a single day, he ousted five Supreme Court justices, abolished the office of finance commissioner, consolidated 80 administrative offices.

After he was elected to the Senate in 1937, tiny (5 ft. 2 in.) Bachelor Green moved into Washington's University Club, soon plunged into work on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, quickly made a reputation for his thoroughness as well as his erudition, tramped energetically around the world on Senate business, won his heart's desire when he became chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. He was then 40 (last year he



SENATOR GREEN
In at 70, out at 92.

gracefully relinquished his chairmanship because of his age).

Green never learned to drive a car, still walks more than a mile to and from work when the weather is good. One of Washington's busiest partygoers, he keeps meticulous track of his engagements in a black notebook. Once, a hostess saw him leafing through the book, asked fondly "Are you checking to find out where you go next?" Replied Green: "I'm checking to see where I am now."

After his announcement last week, many of his Senate colleagues rose to praise him. Then Teddy Green took the floor. "After listening for some time," he said, "I began to wonder whether or not a great mistake had been made. I found my mind wandering, and I thought of myself as lying in a coffin in front of the dais, with my colleagues going by and dropping a flower or two as they passed." Notwith-

standing his retirement, few Washingtonians thought Teddy Green was ready for flowers. Rather, they saw in him the embodiment of his favorite Latin phrase: *Simesco discens—I grow old learning.*

Behind Closed Doors

As one of at least four Senate Democrats with serious presidential hopes, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson had seemed strangely subdued since the beginning of the 86th Congress, second session. He had neglected to deliver to the Democratic Party conference the personal "state of the union" speech that he usually managed to make just a day or so before President Eisenhower's official State of the Union message. He had, with apparent meekness, given in to the demands of a little group of Senate Democratic liberals that he convene party conferences at their beck and call. He had even held onto his temper when one of the liberals, Tennessee's Albert Gore, urged that the power of appointing members of Senate Democratic policymaking committees be taken out of Johnson's hands. In fact, for a few fleeting, fickle days, the dissident liberals thought that at long last they might even have Texan Johnson on the skids.

But those who better knew and understood Lyndon Johnson figured that pretty soon someone—*to wit*, his liberal critics—was going to get clouted. Last week that happened.

Arising on the Senate floor to push his plans for diluting Johnson's powers, personable Albert Gore, 52, pointedly said that "the Senate Democratic Policy Committee should represent all the Democrats in the Senate, not merely one." At that point an equally personable Johnson follower, Florida's George Smathers, 46, testily said that the Senate floor was not the proper place to wash the Democratic Party's "dirty linen." Retorted Gore: "This is not dirty linen. It is simply faulty linen." The open forum of the chamber said Gore, was a better place to discuss such things as the executive sessions of party conferences. "Behind closed doors, one can get steamrollered."

In that, the event proved Gore's point. At the Democratic caucus called by Johnson to consider the liberal protests, Johnson spent 20 minutes defending his Senate management. When he finished, New Mexico's veteran (since 1935) Senator Dennis Chavez stood up. "I'm a liberal," he said, "and I'm for Lyndon Johnson." West Virginia's Robert Byrd, a first-term Senator, followed. "If I've learned anything," he said, "it's that Senate youngsters are expected to keep quiet." But he nonetheless felt obliged to speak up for Johnson, who had traveled to West Virginia to campaign for him in 1958. "We liked the way he talked," said Byrd. "We like the way he thinks. We like him. He's our kind of liberal."

So it went, with Senator after Senator speaking for Johnson. After 2½ hours, the votes were taken on Albert Gore's proposals. The results: 51 to 12, in favor of Lyndon Johnson—still the overwhelming-backed leader of Senate Democrats.

POLITICAL NOTES

Fight Talk

In his long, carefully planned, win-or-else run for the White House, Massachusetts' Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy has worked tirelessly at establishing an image as a strong, tough candidate for the Democratic nomination who would be a strong, tough campaigner in the general election. Last week, speaking in Washington to the National Press Club, Kennedy applied an even higher polish to that image, made a major bid for recognition as one who, if elected, would be a strong, tough President.

His famed forelock trimmed and brushed back in a styling that made him

But no more. The times and the people demand a vigorous proponent of the national interest—not a passive broker for conflicting private interests. They demand a man capable of acting as the Commander-in-Chief of the grand alliance, not merely a bookkeeper who feels that his work is done when the numbers on the balance sheet come out even. They demand that he be the head of a responsible party, not rise so far above politics as to be invisible."

One Drawback. In the "challenging, revolutionary '60s," said Kennedy, "the presidency will demand more than ringing manifesto issued from the rear of the battle. It will demand that the President place himself in the very thick of the fight, that he care passionately about the fate of



DEMOCRAT KENNEDY
Is it time for a table pounder?

UPI

look somewhat more mature, 42-year-old Jack Kennedy recalled strong and weak Presidents of the past, said that "the American people in 1960 have an imperative right to know what any man bidding for the presidency thinks about the place he is bidding for—whether he is aware of and willing to use the powerful resources of that office."

One Concept. "Of course," said Kennedy, "it is important to elect a good man with good intentions—but Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding were both good men of good intentions—so were Lincoln and Buchanan—but there is a Lincoln Room in the White House, and no Buchanan Room."

Since 1952, Kennedy continued, the U.S. has "seen one concept of the presidency at work. Our needs and hopes have been eloquently stated—but the initiative and follow-through have too often been left to others." He suggested that "the American people in 1952 and 1956 may well have preferred this detached, limited concept of the presidency after 20 years of fast-moving, creative presidential rule."

the people . . . that he be willing to serve them at the risk of incurring their momentary displeasure. [He] must above all be the Chief Executive in every sense of the word. He must be prepared to exercise the fullest powers of his office—all that are specified and some that are not."

Fielding post-speech questions from the floor, Kennedy was asked if Republican Richard Nixon did not live up to the specifications Kennedy had just advanced. "Nixon," said Kennedy, "is a fighter—but I didn't have him in mind when I drew the image."

Friendly Persuasion

Moving through Florida last week on his first political swing since announcing his presidential candidacy, Republican Richard Nixon rapped right back at Democrat Kennedy. Asked what he thought about Kennedy's ideas of the U.S. presidency, Nixon replied: "I would disagree with him wholeheartedly that Mr. Eisenhower was not a strong President." In fact, said he, Kennedy seemed to confuse "table pounding" with strong leadership.

"Harry Truman," said Nixon, "was somewhat of a table pounder. He got some results that way. Mr. Eisenhower is a persuader. He's gotten results, too. The problem of leadership cannot be described in terms of rigid, black and white categories. A President's success is determined by his results rather than how he did it."

"The American people and the free world need in the U.S. presidency a man who has judgment, a man who in crisis will be cool, a man who won't go off half-cocked and give an appearance of leadership when, actually, his speaking out might be disastrous to the whole world."

Straws in the Wind

In freshening presidential weather last week, the wind blew—and these straws flew:

¶ Wearing a natty polka-dot sling around his right arm, bruised but unbroken in a 30-ft. fall from the hayloft of his Poolesville, Md., barn, Oregon's Democratic Senator Wayne Morse announced that he would be a candidate in the May 3 primary in the District of Columbia (nine delegate votes). Although he is already entered in the Oregon primary and may well run in Wisconsin, Morse knows he has no chance for the Democratic nomination. But he is bitterly opposed to Candidates John Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey because of their votes last year for the Landrum-Griffin labor-reform bill, hopes to pester them in the primaries, throw any delegate votes he might pick up into Adlai Stevenson's hope chest at the convention next July.

¶ House Speaker Sam Rayburn formally announced that for the first time in twelve years he will not handle the gavel as permanent chairman of this year's Democratic Convention. Instead, Rayburn plans to work for "the candidate of my choice" Fellow Texan Lyndon Johnson. Top choice to succeed Rayburn as permanent chairman: Louisiana's Representative Hale Boggs.

¶ For a Democrat with only seven years of House service, it is a good idea to get on the good side of Sam Rayburn, and one way to get on Mister Sam's good side is to support Johnson for President. But for New York's Representative Victor Anfuso, backing Johnson presented difficulties: Anfuso is a liberal from Brooklyn, where Middle-Road Southerner Johnson's name is less than a liberal byword. Anfuso solved his problem in a speech in the House urging Johnson toward "greater service on behalf of our nation"—and proceeding to credit Johnson with "placing on the statute books most of the great liberal legislation sponsored by the Roosevelt Administration."

¶ Needed by Jack Kennedy's challenge to come out and fight in the primary elections, Missouri's Democratic Senator Stuart Symington promised, on a TV program, to "take my campaign into the homes, to the street corners and to the farms"—indeed, almost everywhere except to the primary ballot boxes. Symington also plans to advance his candidacy at a series of high-caloric political banquets.

starting with a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Springfield, Mo., with Pennsylvania's Governor **David Lawrence** as the featured speaker, and a testimonial dinner in St. Louis on Feb. 20, with **Harry Truman** presiding. Said Symington last week: "I certainly would like to be President."

In Washington for State Department briefings before a two-month Latin American tour, Democrat **Adlai Stevenson** again denied that he was a candidate for President, again said he did not expect to be drafted. Asked if he would accept an appointment as Secretary of State, Stevenson replied: "I would look on any office with great respect."

CRIME

The Dean & the Professor

On a lonely lane winding amid stands of pecan trees and through fields of greening winter oats near Baton Rouge, a road construction gang one morning last week discovered the body of a woman; beside her 1960 Renault Dauphine lay Dr. Margaret Rosamond McMillan, 38, bludgeoned to death. The crime shook the campuses of Louisiana State University, both in Baton Rouge and at the New Orleans branch, where "Rosie" McMillan was an assistant professor of biology. The events that followed shook L.S.U. even harder.

A quiet, buxom spinster who shared her New Orleans house with a pair of cats, Biologist McMillan liked to play the guitar and sing folk music, often drove to Baton Rouge, where she was doing basic research on algae. Of all those who expressed grief at her death, no one seemed more upset than Dr. George H. Mickey, 49, topflight scientist, dean of L.S.U.'s graduate school and head of the zoology department. "All of us at L.S.U. are profoundly shocked by the tragic event," said Mickey, "and are particularly anxious that



Rosie McMillan
Woman with a friend.

the case be cleared as soon as possible." Four days later, George Mickey was arrested—and charged with the murder of Dr. Rosie McMillan.

The charge seemed incredible. Married and the father of two children, lanky, Texas-born George Mickey was formerly chief biologist at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, and he is internationally known for his studies on the genetic effects of radiation. He had known Biologist McMillan for years; as a professor at Northwestern University, he had directed the preparation of her doctor's thesis, later helped her secure her L.S.U. appointment. Indeed, Mickey was generally recognized as Rosie McMillan's closest friend.

Investigating her death, police naturally went to Rosie McMillan's friends for information—and one of the first they sought out was George Mickey. As the investigation continued, a web of evidence drew tighter around the dean: smears of human blood that matched her type were found on his Chevrolet, his picture was found in her purse, what an investigator described as "indiscreet" letters were found in her home. Questioned, Mickey said that during the hours when Rosie McMillan was killed, he had been in a coffee shop with an official from the U.S. Department of Education, had later seen the man off on a plane. But in checking the alibi, police said they found that no such official existed, that there had been no airline flight from Baton Rouge at the time Mickey claimed, and that the entire story was "without foundation."

Despite the evidence against him, few at L.S.U. could bring themselves to believe that popular, respected George Mickey had killed his friend Rosie McMillan. Mickey himself continued to deny the charges, and from his Baton Rouge jailers come only reports of his weeping at night.



George Mickey
Man in trouble.

AVIATION

Bombs in the Air

With the explosive growth of air travel in the 1950s, the air industry has worked ceaselessly and effectively to make flying safer. But despite every safety precaution, despite every improvement in equipment and procedure, there remains one peril that is a nightmare to all airline men: the possibility of someone, acting out of dementia, desperation or despair, planting a bomb aboard an airplane. In the past decade at least eight planes around the world have been so sabotaged—and at least 99 people died as a result. Last week U.S. authorities were deep in investigations of two more possible bombings aloft.

"The Richest Woman." Piecing together the fragments of a National Airlines DC-6B that crashed last fortnight, killing 34, in North Carolina (TIME, Jan. 18), Civil Aeronautics Board investigators found strong evidence indicating a bomb explosion inside the plane. The wreckage showed that an 8-ft. section near a forward washroom had been blasted outward, as if by an explosion within the plane. A small blue handbag, its bottom blown out, was found near the crash scene. Searching through the passenger list for a possible suspect, the probbers turned up the name of one Julian Andrew Frank, 32.

The reason for the investigators' interest in Frank was the discovery that within two months before the crash he had taken out some \$900,000 in life and accident insurance, naming his ex-model wife as beneficiary. And as they looked deeper into Frank's affairs, they found that he might well have reason for wanting to die: he was a young man in trouble.

Handsome, wavy-haired Julian Frank was a lawyer. He lived with his beautiful wife and two small children in exurbanite Westport, Conn., commuted to his



Julian Frank
Man in a hurry.

small office in Manhattan. Fellow commuters recall that he was a first-rate bridge player but a loud, boastful sort of fellow (says one acquaintance: "He gave me the impression of being a young man in a hurry—ambitious, driving, smart"). Others remember that he often talked of dreaming that he would some day die in a plane crash.

Up to last year, Julian Frank had earned about \$10,000 a year. Then he seemed to have struck it rich: he boasted of making \$14,000 a month, moved out of his \$20,000 home into a \$45,000 house, talked almost casually of having "dropped \$600,000 in the stock market." He also began taking out his huge insurance policies. "If I die," he told friends, "my wife will be the richest woman in the world."

"Several Thousand Dollars." But Julian Frank had serious problems—and they were closing in on him even as he boarded the Miami-bound National plane that took him to his death. He was being harassed by a bevy of businessmen who claimed he had swindled them. Among the claims: 1) that Frank had operated behind a phony company named J. & P. Factors Inc., whose only address was mail drop; 2) that he had pocketed \$8,025 in fees from a Phoenix firm, then reneged on his promise to raise mortgage money; 3) that he had bilked associates in real-estate deals out of some \$40,000; 4) that he had gyped "several thousand dollars" out of businessmen who had retained him to help raise money for some Missouri hospitals. At the time he died, Frank was under investigation by the FBI and the New York District Attorney, and the New York Bar Association was considering disbarment procedures against him.

Lawyer Frank took aboard the National Airlines plane a small blue bag of the sort later found near the crash. His body, washed ashore from the Atlantic at a point about 16 miles from the actual crash scene, was missing a leg and a foot and had been pierced by pieces of metal which, investigators said, did not seem to have been part of the plane itself. Insane as it seemed, if Julian Frank did commit suicide by blowing up himself and his fellow passengers, he had at least a sort of reason: only by making it appear that he had died in an accident and not by suicide could he have hoped that his widow would ever get her insurance money.

"For \$500." In the second case under investigation last week, Federal Bureau of Investigation officials, while revealing few details, said they were working on a theory about the crash of a National Airlines DC-7B that went down with 42 aboard in the Gulf of Mexico last November. The theory: that a Dallas naturopath named Robert Spears, 64, possessor of a long police record that included forgery, fraud, armed robbery and a penitentiary term, may have been involved in the crash. Most interesting fact about Spears, whose name appeared on the flight's passenger manifest: the FBI reported that he had once said "that for \$500 he would blow up a hospital."

NEW YORK Borrowing Trouble

West Indies-born Hulan Edwin Jack was brought to New York City as a youngster by his father, a minister of the African Orthodox Church. Hulan pushed a broom at the Peerless Paper Box Co., Inc., pushed right on up to become one of the firm's vice presidents. He applied equal energy to Democratic politics in Harlem, where, as a faithful Tammany Hall horse, he won seven elections to the state assembly. Jack's jackpot came in 1953 when Tammany, forewarned of Republican plans to nominate a Negro for borough president of Manhattan, dumped

year, when newspapers identified would-be Slum Clearer Ungar as the owner of some of New York's worst slum housing; later he was denied project sponsorship, and Hulan Jack himself voted against his friend.

"Panicky" Reply. New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan pressed the indictments against Jack under sections of the city charter prohibiting city officials from accepting favors from persons seeking or performing city business. Hogan also said that Jack, when first questioned officially about the apartment remodeling, had "concocted" a story that his wife, Almira, had paid Contractor-Painter Fred Bechtel out of her \$100 weekly household allowance. "Prior to telling me this," Hogan said, "Mr. Jack had told Mr. Ungar that if he told me Mrs. Jack had made the payments . . . the investigation would be over because I would have so much confidence in what he said."

But Hogan had no such confidence in Hulan Jack's word: he took his case against Jack to the grand jury that same day. Next day Jack, shaken, was back in Hogan's office with the admission that he had gotten "panicky" and had lied. Subsequent testimony before the grand jury brought the four-count indictment, listing Ungar (who had testified under a privilege of immunity) as "co-conspirator" but not as co-defendant.

Under indictment on charges that could bring him four years in prison and a \$2,000 fine, Hulan Jack, 52, predicted his "ultimate vindication," but had little choice other than to suspend himself from his \$25,000-a-year job. Only New York's Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller could remove him permanently, but New York Democrats were already thinking in terms of a replacement.

To New York Negroes the borough presidency is a prized possession—and one they do not intend to relinquish easily. In the early days of the Jack investigation, even Harlem's U.S. Representative Adam Clayton Powell, who once denounced him as "chief Uncle Tom on the Tammany plantation," expressed his faith in Jack's "integrity." But by last week Powell seemed less worried about what might happen to Jack. Said he: "I have absolute confidence that the New York Democratic Committee . . . will replace Mr. Jack with a Negro if he has to resign. And at week's end Tammany leaders, keenly aware of the importance of the Negro vote in New York City, let it be known that Powell was right.

ORGANIZATIONS Dollars for Israel

In Manhattan last week, the Development Corporation for Israel announced 1959 bond sales in the U.S. of \$42,648,000, bringing total sales to \$368,668,000 since Israel's U.S. bond drive got under way in 1951—and augmenting the near \$1 billion of charitable contributions over the last decade in what continues to be the U.S.'s top philanthropic phenomenon.



BOROUGH PRESIDENT JACK
From high job to deep doubts.

two white hopefules, gave Jack the nod. Elected and re-elected four years later, Hulan Jack stood as one of the nation's highest-ranking Negro officeholders—until last week, when he suspended himself after being indicted by a grand jury on charges of conspiracy to obstruct justice and three violations of the city charter.

Embarrassing Question. Jack's troubles began last month when *New York Post* reporters, following up a tip, asked him an embarrassing question: Who had paid for the 1958 remodeling of his six-room Harlem apartment? Cried Jack: "I haven't a damn thing to say about it, and you get the hell out of here." But a week later Jack admitted that Real Estate Operator Sidney J. Ungar, a longtime pal and Tammany Democrat, had picked up the \$3,400 tab. It was not a gift, Jack insisted, merely a friendly loan without note or collateral. But it just so happened that while Ungar was paying to have Jack's bedroom painted orchid pink, he was also seeking city approval of a \$30 million slum clearance project—and Hulan Jack, as borough president, held the right of veto. Ungar's project got the green light until early last

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA Of War & Peace

The scene was the Great Kremlin Hall within whose floodlit, white-marble walls Russian history has unrolled in war and peace. Before the admiring gaze of 1,378 Supreme Soviet delegates, of his wife (seated alone on a chair placed in an aisle), and of galleries packed with diplomats and newsmen, Premier Nikita Khrushchev again claimed his day in history. In a 3½-hr. State of the Union address aimed more at the world than his own 212 million subjects (copies of the speech in English were handed out, an unprecedented thing, as he spoke), Khrushchev proclaimed that the Soviet Union intended to reduce its standing armed forces by a third in the next year or two, from 3,623,000 to 2,423,000.

This, reported *Pravda*, brought "very stormy applause." What better way to proclaim peaceful intentions on the eve of Khrushchev's trip to India, Burma and Indonesia? The basic motive of the troop cut, cried Khrushchev, "is a lofty humanitarian ideal inherent in our forward-looking concept of life, of a Socialist society."

Yet, as Khrushchev unrolled some details, he made it clear that he was not being a bit impractical. "Our air force and navy," said Khrushchev, waving a stubby finger at his listeners, "have lost their previous importance. Their arms are not being reduced but replaced. We have cut down and we shall even discontinue the manufacture of bombers; already our armed forces have to a considerable extent shifted to rocket and nuclear arms. The proposed reduction will in no way reduce the firepower of our armed forces, and

this is the main point . . . Soviet scientists have made it possible to equip our army with weapons hitherto unknown to man."

"**Loving Care.**" Furthermore, he said, in a passage reminiscent of the Pentagon's "bigger bang for a buck," Khrushchev said that his proposals would save the government \$1.6 billion, though "we shan't save rubles at the risk of our people's lives." Demobilized troops would also provide manpower in factories and down on the farm! "We must treat these comrades with loving care so that they will feel comfortable in the new working collectives".

"It is now quite clear," Khrushchev went on, "that the U.S. is not the world's most powerful military power. We are not trying to sweat anybody, but these are the facts." Rattling his rockets in the style he used to assail Western "military circles" for doing a few years ago, Khrushchev promised to "wipe from the face of the earth" any aggressor, and boasted: "Though the weapons we have now are formidable indeed, the weapon we have today in the hatching stage is even more formidable. The weapon, which is being developed and is, as they say, in the portfolio of our scientists and designers, is a fantastic weapon." (U.S. Atomic Physicist Ralph E. Lapp guessed that the Russians might be planning an H-bomb to orbit the earth indefinitely, ready on signal to plunge down on any terrestrial target.)

Before Khrushchev finished speaking (there was a half-hour break for lunch), he also promised not to resume nuclear tests unless the West does, warned that he might yet sign a separate peace treaty with the East Germans if the Berlin question is not settled "soon," Then Defense Minister Marshal Rodion Malinovskiy and other brass paraded to the rostrum to endorse the boss's cutback of forces.

For Home Folks. Khrushchev's war-and-peace speech was meant for heavy propaganda play abroad. There was further news for the home folks. The government dissolved the Ministry for Internal Affairs, once the dread MVD police power that bossed Stalin's slave-labor camps, and turned over its remaining authority to the 15 constituent republics. The second important move was the demotion of Aleksei Kirichenko, 51, the hard-boiled Ukrainian who has been a Khrushchev henchman since 1937, and was often spoken of as his successor. ("The most insecure man in Moscow," says a Washington official, "is the man who is regarded as the logical heir.") A brief paragraph in *Pravda*, saying simply that "A. I. Kirichenko has been appointed party secretary in Rostov," was the first hint that Kirichenko had lost his all-powerful post as party personnel boss and his membership in the ruling Presidium. At the closing Supreme Soviet session, where the seating is as much a conspicuous evidence of status as Louis XIV's

nightly choice of courtiers privileged to watch him undress, Kirichenko shuffled in to take a seat far back at the edge of the platform with the alternates. By another flat *Pravda* paragraph the same day, Westerners learned that Nikolai Belyayev, the Presidium pal whom Khrushchev publicly denounced last month for spoiling the virgin-lands harvest, had lost his job as party secretary in the Kazakh republic.

In its first blast in a decade at the "shortcomings" of party propaganda, the Central Committee last week followed up these firings by demanding that complacent Communists get back to "the burning issues that affect the masses," address themselves to the political apathy of youth, speak out against "graft, speculation, sycophancy, drunkenness, shirking hooliganism," and do something to inspire an interest in the Marxist-Leninist classics." Taken together with his 1960 travel plans, these moves suggested that Nikita Khrushchev has not slackened in the breakneck pace at which he has run Russia since he denounced Stalin in the Great Kremlin Hall four years ago.

THE ALLIES

First Step

Something without a name, but resembling an Atlantic economic community, was born in Paris last week. It reflected an American desire and a European worry. The U.S. feels that Western Europe, lifted to unprecedented prosperity by 14 years of American aid, should join the U.S. in underwriting the development of the poor countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. Europe's concern is that the growing commercial rivalry between the Common



KHRUSHCHEV
More rattle for a ruble.



KIRICHENKO
More security in the sticks.

Market Six and the British-inspired Outer Seven would lead to a trade war that might jeopardize the Western alliance.

Last week, in the chill marble halls of Paris' Hotel Majestic, a briefcase brigade of economic experts from 13 Western nations addressed themselves to these problems. At the suggestion of U.S. Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon, they agreed to set up a temporary committee to think about increasing and coordinating foreign aid programs. For the long range, they decided "in principle" to establish a 20-nation Atlantic economic community consisting of the 18 members of the OEEC (the longstanding Organization for European Economic Cooperation, set up in Marshall Plan days), plus the U.S. and Canada. The details would be worked out by four "wise men": one North American (U.S. Ambassador to NATO W. Randolph Burgess); one Frenchman, to represent the Common Market Six (Bernard Clappier of the Finance Ministry); one Briton, to represent the Outer Seven (probably Foreign Office Economic Expert Sir Paul Gore-Booth); and one Greek, to represent other Europeans (Xenophon Zolotas, governor of the Bank of Greece).

Until the wise men could ruminant and conclude, most European leaders contained their optimism. But the proposed new community would have one overriding merit: through it, the U.S. would for the first time be linked to Europe by economic ties as formal and binding as the military ties of NATO.

FRANCE

The Language of Flowers

One of Charles de Gaulle's favorite maxims is that "power does not retreat"—by which he means that his government does not hesitate to take tough decisions. But last week, enmeshed in a showdown struggle with Antoine Pinay, the economic miracle worker of France's Fifth Republic, De Gaulle hesitated before the eyes of the whole world. Twice Pinay was summoned into conference with Premier Michel Debré, twice into discussions with President de Gaulle himself. At last, after a flurry of ambiguous communiqués, came the laconic announcement that despite De Gaulle's "appreciation" of Pinay's successful economic policies, Pinay was through as Finance Minister. To replace him De Gaulle named Wilfrid Baumgartner, 57, longtime governor of the Bank of France.

To waiting newsmen, peppery, popular little Antoine Pinay gave his own blunt version of his ouster. Torn between awareness of the public confidence that Pinay inspires and impatience with Pinay's questioning of De Gaulle's loyalty to the Western alliance, De Gaulle had sought to keep Pinay in the Cabinet by offering him the job of minister in charge of "long-term national policy." Snorted Pinay: "They wanted me to supervise our future but kept hands off the present . . . In the end they heaped me with flowers and chucked me out."

Too Many Saviors. Pinay's ouster, as both he and De Gaulle clearly realized, marked the beginning rather than the end of a battle. Insisting that he was leaving "without bitterness," Pinay said he was temporarily withdrawing from politics—but in a phrase deliberately reminiscent of De Gaulle's self-imposed political retirement in 1946. Pinay proclaimed that he would "always remain at the disposition of the French people."

"God help our country," cracked one cynical Parisian. "Now we have two saviors." Obviously, Pinay was aware that



"STOP FIDDLING WITH MY LITTLE BACK WHEEL."

De Gaulle's term as President has six more years to run. But by forcing a break, and by posing it as a question of preserving France's monetary and economic stability, Pinay was setting himself up as the focal point of future conservative opposition to De Gaulle. One of the four remaining Independents in the Cabinet, Secretary of State for Economic Affairs Max Flechet, resigned later in the week.

No More Games. By naming Wilfrid Baumgartner to Pinay's old job, De Gaulle adroitly sought to reassure France's business community that the Fifth Republic was not about to plunge into economic statism. Member of a famed French Protestant family, Baumgartner won the coveted title of *inspecteur des finances* at 27, has long been known as a "sound-money" man. He said that he had "formal assurances" that he could continue the policies "now underway."

But he is also a lifelong economic technician without political experience, who took the job "without joy," is less likely to stir up Cabinet debates than Pinay. His appointment was a clear sign of the way the De Gaulle government is trending. Fired up once again with his old contempt for "political games," De Gaulle was steadily cleansing his government of men with independent political strength, replacing them with technicians who are able—but technicians.

JAPAN

Bonus to Be Wisely Spent

[See Cover]

Japan's Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi is a descendant of the swaggering but practical men of Choshu. Less than a century ago his clansmen enthusiastically followed the Emperor's orders by opening fire on all foreign ships passing through Shimoneseki Strait, the narrow western entrance to the lovely Inland Sea. Retaliation came from a combined British, French, Dutch and U.S. fleet, which blew the Choshu batteries sky-high, put ashore a landing party to seize the forts, and collected an indemnity of \$3,000,000.⁹ Impressed, the Choshu leaders fraternized with the Western officers, begged technical advice and sought to buy big guns like those that had destroyed their forts. Observes a present-day Japanese intellectual: "The men of Choshu are completely without sentiment. They act on the basis of logic and profit. Kishi is a typical Choshu man."

Prime Minister Kishi, 63, flew into Washington this week convinced that the logic of the world situation and the profit of Japan require his signature on the revision of the 1951 U.S.-Japanese Treaty. Not all his countrymen agree. In Tokyo 27,000 demonstrators battled police, and thousands of fanatical left-wing students made plain their feelings about the treaty by using the great doorway of the Japanese Diet for their own kind of public protest—a mass urination.

The students vowed to prevent Kishi's take-off for the U.S., and 700 of them seized the airport building the night before his departure last week, wrecked the restaurant and fought the police with bamboo spears and pepper shakers before they were ejected. Mobs of students lined the approaches to the airfield, prepared to stone Kishi's car or throw themselves under its wheels. But with radio guidance supplied by a hovering helicopter, Kishi's motorcade avoided what he called the "distasteful, insignificant demonstration," and he serenely took off for his meeting with President Eisenhower.

Kishi's diehard opponents protest that the treaty revision commits Japan to support all U.S. moves in the Pacific and may therefore "attract the lightning" of a Communist H-bomb attack. There are U.S. reservations about the treaty as well; many Pentagon staff officers complain that it gives Japan what amounts to a veto over the movement of U.S. troops on the perimeter of the Asian mainland.

The Losers. The treaty is to run for ten years, and its ten articles pledge that 1) both nations will take "action to counter the common danger" if the forces of either are attacked in Japan, though not elsewhere, 2) "prior consultation" will be held between the two before U.S. forces in Japan receive nuclear arms, 3) Japan is released from further contributions (now \$30 million a year) for the support

⁹ Nineteen years later, in 1883, the U.S. gave its share of the indemnity—\$785,000—to Japan.

of U.S. troops in the islands. In Kishi's words, the treaty will create an atmosphere of "mutual trust." It inaugurates a "new era" of friendship with the U.S. and, most important, of independence for Japan.

Only 14 years ago such a treaty would have been unthinkable, and that it would be signed for Japan by Kishi, inconceivable. Then, Japan was a nation in ruins; a third of its factories had been leveled by U.S. bombers; eight of every ten ships in its merchant fleet lay at the bottom of the ocean; its exhausted population faced starvation. And Kishi himself was cleaning latrines in Sugamo Prison while awaiting trial as a war criminal. Defeat was so complete and catastrophic that the Japanese seemed to take an almost perverse pleasure in the totality of their humiliation. "Shigataganai—it can't be helped," they shrugged. "We lost the war."

Yet Japan, going into the 1960s, has risen phoenix-like from the ashes. The Japanese people are 25% better off than they were before the war, even though 20 million more of them are crowded into an area 52% smaller than their old territory. Japan's industrial growth has soared to its highest rate ever, enough to double the national income every ten years. Its tiny farms (average size: 2½ acres) are so intensely cultivated that they have one of the world's highest yields. Nearly every Japanese family owns a radio, one in every four, a TV set; more newspapers are sold per capita than in the U.S. The people of Japan are incomparably the best fed, clothed and housed in all Asia.

The Comeback. Japan did not lift itself by its own sandal straps. Since the war U.S. aid has averaged \$1.8 million a year; a serious business recession was



STUDENTS RIOTING AGAINST KISHI AT TOKYO AIRPORT
Demonstrations can be avoided.

eased by the 1950 Korean war, which poured vast sums into the Japanese economy; war reparations in kind to Southeast Asia have kept factories humming; and the very high rate of capital investment is possible since Japan spends little on armaments. But major credit belongs to the Japanese themselves. In a typically Japanese swing from one extreme to another, they shook off the apathy of defeat and with skill, hard work and enthusiasm began rebuilding at home and recapturing markets abroad.

Yet, as always, Japan remains the land of contrasts and contradictions. The flourishing economy consists of "elephants and fleas," i.e., giant automated factories in the midst of millions of family workshops whose low-paid women employees make everything from toys to machine parts. The universities are jammed, but students must often sell their blood to pay tuition and may commit suicide if they fail to get a job on graduation. The cities blaze with neon lights, teen-age girls in pony tails squeal their delight in "rockabilly" singers, and the streets resound to juke-box music and the clatter of *pachinko* (pinball) machines. But in most of Japan marriages are still arranged by traditional matchmakers, business deals are still settled in geisha houses, and wives still greet their husbands on hands and knees. Laments a young sculptor: "It is impossible for us not to lead a double life, half Japanese, half Western. The result is that we are frustrated, and do not know whom to turn to or what road to follow."

The Cold Impression. This problem is not one that disturbs the practical man from Choshu. Astute, chain-smoking Nobusuke Kishi has reconciled the Western and Eastern elements in Japanese life as easily as he has Japan's militarist, aggressive past and its democratic present. Kishi means "riverbank," and Japanese make a pun on his name—*ryo kishi*, meaning

roughly, one who tries to keep a foot on both banks of the river. But his first name signifies "trust," and in his three years as Prime Minister, Kishi has strenuously sought to prove that he can be trusted by one and all—by the Japanese who remember him as a member of the Tojo Cabinet that snuffed out their civil liberties, by Americans who know him as one of the signers of the declaration of war against the U.S., and by the people of Southeast Asia, from the Philippines to Burma, who profess to see a disturbing family likeness between Kishi's dream of an "Asia Development Plan" and wartime Japan's "Co-Prosperity Sphere."

His detractors grumble that, "once a minion of the military, Kishi now loudly sings the popular songs of democracy with a perfect ear for the tune." The most common charge is that he is full of guile and one critic cried, "A rose has thorns: Kishi slashes with a smile." The Prime Minister pensively concedes that "I give a very cold impression. Soft-spoken as I am and gentle as I look, I am generally regarded as a hard person. There seems to be something lacking in my face."

It is a face that delights Japanese cartoonists: prominent teeth, long ears, a crumpled and receding chin. But Kishi's heavy-lidded eyes glitter with intelligence and his slight, 134-lb. body packs pride, power and passion—a perfect embodiment of his country's amazing resurgence. In the knife-flashing political intrigues of pre- and postwar Japan, Kishi has been both daring and sure-footed. His friends are intensely loyal; his enemies have a way of abruptly toppling from power. In Kishi seeming indecisiveness is often strength. A Japanese who has known him for years says, "Sometimes Kishi seems to be wavering aimlessly from side to side on an issue, or even wavering from issue to issue. Yet those who know him well are aware that he moves forward in his own way and



UPI

KISHI & EISENHOWER (1957)
Golf is great for business.



Molnick Shimbun
FAMILY FACTORY MAKING SANDALS
Rising from the ashes.

in his own time toward a set goal. If he meets strong opposition, he tries another direction. But he is consistent."

Name Changing. Kishi's life began under a handicap. The Japanese have a saying that "no sensible man who owns so much as a cup of rice will become a *yoshi*." A figure of fun, very much like the henpecked husband of the West, the Japanese *yoshi* is a man who marries in the fashion of a woman, i.e., he surrenders his own name and becomes the adopted son of his wife's family. Both the Prime Minister and his father were *yoshi*. Originally the system provided a means of mobility in caste-ridden Japan, and merchants—who were ranked just above pariahs in the social order—could move up in class by marrying daughters of poor but proud samurai. This did not apply in the case of the Kishis, father and son, since they were already of the samurai class.

The father, Hidesuke Kishi, was a minor government official in a village on the green, indented western tip of Honshu, Japan's main island. His scholarly attainments won him a job with the aristocratic Sato family, and he tutored their eldest daughter, Moyo, in Chinese literature. He was permitted to marry Moyo on condition that he change his name to Sato and, for the remainder of his life, was so much under his wife's thumb that he made little impression on their ten children. The Prime Minister was the second son of Hidesuke and Moyo. In 1958, a quarter-century after the death of his parents, he recalled: "My father was a man of gentle disposition. The fostering of us, the children, was always the job of our strong-minded mother."

Nobusuke was born in Yamaguchi, a pleasant city above the Inland Sea, on Nov. 23, 1896. From childhood he had drummed into him the glories of the Sato family, the Choshu clan and the warrior class. Aristocratic Moyo Sato constantly

reminded her son that their ancestors had been charged by the Emperor with guarding Shimonoseki Strait, the gateway to the Inland Sea. Her uncle was a major general who founded the Japanese cavalry; her brothers and sisters married into top families, including the Matsuokas and Yosidas. "Never forget you are a samurai," she said. "Never take second place."

As a boy, Nobusuke was frail, and so swarthy that his schoolmates called him "Darky." He was also proud and conceited and "was always picking fights with bigger and older boys," a habit he has not yet outgrown. In middle school, Nobusuke wrote an essay praising the suicide of General Maresuke Nogi, the hero who captured Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese War and later disemboweled himself on the death of his beloved Emperor Meiji in 1912. The act had shocked the West and produced a critical editorial in the London *Times*, but Nobusuke hailed it as an example of virtuous idealism.

At 16, it was Nobusuke's turn to follow his father's footsteps as a *yoshi*. A marriage was arranged for him with his cousin Yoshiko, the daughter of his father's brother. Although the marriage did not take place for another seven years (Yoshiko was only eleven at the time), Nobusuke resumed his father's name of Kishi and was stricken from the Sato family register.

"The Razor." At Tokyo's Imperial University, Nobusuke Kishi majored in law and graduated with top honors; a friend recalls that he also "drank a lot of sake and knew a great many young Tokyo actresses." In the political arguments that raged at school, young Kishi emerged as a conservative and a fiery nationalist. His hero was Kita Ikki, a right-wing radical who wanted Japan run by a military junta and called for the conquest of Manchuria and Siberia. Kishi was less happy about Ikki's attacks on private property and free enterprise; when some of Ikki's thugs tried to beat up a professor whose opinions they disliked, Kishi withdrew as a disciple.

He was already showing the adaptability that makes opponents claim he strives to be all things to all men. Though a right-wing nationalist, he was also a friend of many left-wingers who later became the leaders of Japan's Socialist Party, and the friendships have endured. Graduating in the cherry blossom season of 1920, the newly married Kishi became a civil servant in the Ministry of Commerce and for the next 16 years was indistinguishable from thousands of other bureaucrats. Clutching his newspaper and a black umbrella, he commuted between his modest home in suburban Shinjuku and a governmental beehive in Tokyo's busy Kasumigaseki district. Though he looked and acted like all the others, his quick wit and swift grasp of facts and situations won him a new nickname: "The Razor."

Kishi got two tours of duty abroad, visiting the U.S. and Europe to inspect iron and steel plants. He learned to play golf in Philadelphia in 1926 and on his return home became a popular member of foursomes with big zaibatsu business-

men who were painstakingly learning the Western game. He also had difficulties with his superiors. In 1936 a new Commerce Minister, resentful of Kishi's golf and restaurant dates with such influential businessmen as Sugar Magnate Aichihiro Fujiyama and Steelmaker Yoshiaki Akawa, complained: "Kishi behaves as if he were the Minister instead of me!" Relations got so bad that Kishi quit and went to Manchuria as industrial adviser to the Japanese puppet government.

While Kishi had been climbing the bureaucratic ladder, Japan was convulsed by a struggle between parliamentarians and militarists. Two Prime Ministers were assassinated by nationalist gunmen, and other top officials killed and wounded. The government struck back by executing 13 army officers for conspiracy, and sending Kishi's discarded hero, Kita Ikki, to a firing squad. But victory went to the



militarists. Ignoring orders from Tokyo, the Kwantung army occupied all of Manchuria. By 1937, when full-scale hostilities with China broke out, the Prime Minister and the Cabinet could only be appointed with the approval of the army.

Pearl Harbor Days. In Manchuria, Kishi found himself among friends and relatives. His uncle ran the Manchurian railways; Kishi brought over Steelmaker Aikawa to take charge of factory construction, and became closely connected with General Hideki Tojo, commander of the Kwantung army. Returning to Japan in 1939, Kishi could say complacently: "Manchurian industry is my development. I have an infinite affection for this industrial world I have created." Today, Kishi's lost "creation" provides arms and economic muscle for Red China.

Back in Tokyo, Kishi had a run-in with yet another Minister of Commerce. While the minister was absent on a tour of the Dutch East Indies, Kishi and one of his former Manchurian aides drew up a drastic plan to increase bureaucratic control of Japanese industry and to draft into the factories some 250,000 women, ranging from housewives and geisha girls to prostitutes and the actresses of the Takarazuka Girls Opera—an outfit that was owned by Kishi's boss. The Commerce Minister raced back to Tokyo and denounced the plan as "sheer Communism!" Kishi again resigned. But less than six months later, the Commerce Minister was out of a job and replaced by Kishi in the new Cabinet formed by his old friend, General Hideki Tojo. Kishi had at last reached ministerial level—just in time to participate in the decisions leading to Pearl Harbor.

Kishi served the Japanese war machine faithfully and well, and he makes no bones of it. When a newsman tactfully suggested in 1957 that Kishi had no option but to accept the Emperor's decision to go to war, he replied curtly: "I have no wish to defend myself that way. All the state ministers were responsible for assisting the Emperor to make the decision." As always, Kishi had a practical plan. Japan, he argued, was using only 10% of its production in the war with China ("Chicken feed!"), and by properly organizing the remainder could win quick military successes in Asia, and then negotiate a settlement with the U.S. and Britain that would leave Japan in control of most of the Pacific.

Kishi was right about the quick victories (Hong Kong, Singapore, the Philippines), wrong about being able to get a quick peace. As the fortunes of war worsened, he reacted just as had his Choshu clansmen in the affair of Shimonoseki Strait. At a Cabinet meeting in April 1944 he told Tojo: "Saipan is Japan's lifeline. If Saipan falls, surrender. It is the silliest thing on earth to keep fighting after that." Tojo shouted angrily: "Don't poke your nose into the affairs of the supreme command!" Thirteen days after the bloody U.S. conquest of Saipan, Tojo's Cabinet fell.

Because he had openly declared that the war was lost, it was an uncomfortable



35 MM.-CAMERA ASSEMBLY LINE IN NAGANO
But not by its own sandal straps.

time for Kishi. He was followed about Tokyo by the secret police, and devoted himself to writing a long defense of his position that no newspaper dared print. After his suburban house was burned down in an air raid, Kishi and his wife and two children went back to Yamaguchi. He was lying sick in bed when the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima, only 70 miles away.

Cell Thoughts. Japan's surrender soon followed, and Kishi wondered whether he should wait for arrest by the Americans or commit suicide. A large family conference of Sato and Kishi's assembled in his sick room to argue the question. One of his old schoolteachers tactlessly reminded Kishi of his fiery arguments in favor of hara-kiri when he was 16 years old. Kishi's answer was to brush-stroke a short poem which translates: "In another role, I shall commemorate the just war forever." This is nearly as obscure in Japanese as it is in English, but one thing was clearly apparent: Kishi did not intend to kill himself.

After serving three years in Sugamo Prison, Kishi and 18 other "Class A war crime suspects" were released without trial. In jail he had read Confucius, exercised, cleaned cells and latrines, despised the craven and selfish behavior of the admirals and generals in prison with him, and thought, Kishi recalls: "I had plenty of time to strip my own soul naked and study it." He says he was "forced to the conclusion that the war had been futile from the start. I became convinced that Japan must never again be involved in war." Finally, "when I found out I was not going to be hanged, I began to think about the rest of my life as a bonus to be wisely spent."

On the day of his release in 1948, while eating his first home meal of raw tuna, Kishi received a phone call from Sugar Magnate Aichiyo Fujiyama, who had cared for the Kishi family during his imprisonment. He offered Kishi the chairmanship

ship of one Fujiyama company and a directorship in another. With his income assured, Kishi looked around him at the new Japan. The good things of the occupation—land reform, abolition of the peerage, parliamentary democracy—were balanced, he thought, by such bad things as inflation, the breakup of the cartels and the wide influence of the Communists, who had been let out of jail at the same time that Tojo and his friends went in.

The government was headed by the Liberal Party of Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida, whose daughter was married to a cousin of Kishi's. The Secretary-General of the Cabinet was Kishi's own brother Eisaku Sato. Prospects seemed inviting but there was nothing Kishi could do until he was "de-purged" in 1952. He spent the time working at his industrial jobs and in profitably cultivating his wide acquaintance among businessmen.

His brother finally arranged an interview with Prime Minister Yoshida, but it was not a success. The 74-year-old Yoshida correctly saw the younger Kishi as a potential rival. Kishi regarded Yoshida as a stumbling block in the way of a fusion of all conservative factions in Japan against the Socialists and Communists.

It took Kishi only five years to get to his goal as Prime Minister. He first helped organize a new Democratic Party made up of a dissident segment of Yoshida's Liberals and a group of "progressives." But he was able to overthrow Yoshida only by entering into an alliance with the Socialists—even though his ultimate aim was to create an anti-Socialist force. Prime Minister Ichiro Hatoyama, who succeeded Yoshida, had suffered a stroke, and hung on for two trembling years before resigning. He was followed by Tanzan Ishibashi, who appointed Kishi his Foreign Minister and then fell ill in turn and resigned within 63 days. On Feb. 25, 1957, at the head of a combined Democratic-Liberal Party,

Nobusuke Kishi became Prime Minister of Japan.

Article IX. As Prime Minister, Kishi has had to deal simultaneously with the Socialist opposition and with his own faction-ridden party, which cannot always be depended upon for support. His long-time goal is revision of the "MacArthur" constitution ("It may take years, and I may not live to see it, but I intend to push forward until I die"). He proposes to make the Emperor again "head of state" instead of merely a symbol, to have provincial governors appointed by Tokyo instead of elected, and to alter the House of Councilors—Japan's Senate—by substituting a number of appointed "distinguished citizens" for some of the elected

called by *Sohyo*, the powerful, 3,500,000-strong alliance of labor unions. Socialist delegates rioted in the Diet and tried to kidnap the Speaker to prevent a vote. When even important members of his own party proved hesitant, Kishi had to shelve the bill. But with characteristic skill he used the defeat to get rid of a potential rival, Ichiro Kono, on the ground that he had strongly pushed the police-powers bill.

If Kishi's ambitions for the police raised some of the old fears about democracy's hold on Japan, so has the crudity of Socialist tactics in the Diet and on the streets. Since the war the Socialist Party has steadily increased its share of the total vote, from little more than one-tenth to nearly one-third. But Kishi has gained

During postwar years, when Kishi was making his bid for power, he often used a standard ploy of the political outs in Japan: he criticized the men in power for being too pro-American, and some nervous officials in the U.S. embassy in Tokyo warned that he was anti-American. When Kishi's office approved a \$196 million private trade pact with Red China, they saw their worst fears confirmed. But, in actuality, Kishi was what he has always been: pro-Japanese.

In dealing with Peking, Kishi was also under constant pressure from businessmen who argued that it was economic lunacy for Japan to import high-cost coking coal, iron ore and soybeans all the way from the U.S. when they were easily available and cheaper next door in China. His political rivals, from ex-Prime Minister Ishibashi to the ousted Ichiro Kono, warned Kishi he would "miss the bus" if he did not at once enter into normal relations with the Reds.

In his pragmatic fashion, Kishi never went that far. The \$196 million trade pact was abruptly canceled by Peking in a pettish squabble about a Chinese trade delegation's right to fly the Red flag in Tokyo. Plainly, the Reds planned to use trade only as a lever and a weapon. Red China launched a short-lived but damaging trade offensive in Southeast Asia and undercut Japanese prices by 10-15%. The negotiators sent by Peking to Japan proved to be more interested in drinking innumerable cups of green tea than in progress; they blandly offered ridiculously low prices for Japan's products and demanded sky-high prices for China's. And because Kishi held them off, he was denounced by Peking as having the hallucinations of an idiot and, said the Red propagandists, incurred the "enmity of 600 million Chinese."

In contrast, Kishi could see the U.S. was supplying economic aid and buying more Japanese goods than any other single country—particularly the fine-quality consumer items that are too expensive for the rest of Asia. The U.S., moreover, is the guarantor of Japan's security in the shadow of the two Red giants of China and the Soviet Union. Moved by pragmatism, not pro-Americanism, Kishi realizes that his nation's best and most vital interests are served by close cooperation with the U.S. both in trade and defense.

The logical result is the signing this week of the revised U.S.-Japanese Treaty. As Prime Minister Kishi and U.S. Secretary of State Christian Herter put their signatures to paper, there is every prospect that Japan and the U.S. will stand together in the Pacific for years to come. What is not so certain is how long Kishi will survive as Prime Minister. There is no tradition of lasting leadership in Japan, and the Liberal-Democratic Party is little more than a coalition of eight major factions, each with its own leader. "They are like a pack of wolves," says a Western observer. "If Kishi is hurt, the others smell blood, and will pile in, snarling, hoping to gain some advantage."

In these terms the new U.S.-Japanese



KISHI LEAVING YOKOHAMA FOR PRISON CAMP (1945)
That he should sign the treaty would have been inconceivable.

members. He also aims at erasing Article IX of the constitution ("Land, sea and air forces as well as other war potential will never be maintained").

This provision is already bypassed in a typical Japanese fashion. The 170,000 Japanese soldiers already under arms are referred to as a "Ground Self-Defense Force," not as an army. Similarly, a division is called an "area unit," and a tank, a "special combat vehicle." But, under whatever name, Japan's armed forces are small, and required to make do on less than 2% of the nation's gross national product. Pacifism is so ingrained in the new Japan that not even Kishi is likely in the foreseeable future to get more money or more men for this anomalous army.

Kishi's only important defeat in three years in office came when he sought to restore to the hated police some of their former authority, including the right to search suspected criminals. The response was tumultuous from those who remembered the tyrannical "thought-control" days. A brief teachers' walkout closed half the nation's schools. There was a rash of strikes and street demonstrations

from Socialist rashness. In the 1958 elections, Kishi for the first time limited the Socialist gains to less than 5%, and subsequent wrangling among the leaders resulted in a Socialist split between right- and left-wing factions.

The Traveling Salesman. Because he takes seriously the truism that without trade Japan must die, Kishi has been an indefatigable traveling salesman for his country. In striped trousers and glossy top hat, he has ranged through Southeast Asia to persuade Japan's neighbors from Formosa to India that prosperity lies in the combination of "American capital, Japanese technology and local resources." Last summer he swept across Europe and Latin America to gain buyers' recognition for Japan and assure foreign governments and industrialists that the bad old days of imitative and poorly made Japanese products were gone forever. He has been helped by the increasing popularity—and quality—of Japanese art, furnishings, cameras and tiny transistor radios, and by the self-imposed Japanese quotas on exports, which are intended to reduce the cries for protective tariffs.

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Campbell's freezes this great seacoast favorite for you to enjoy wherever you live... at only about 13¢ a serving



Famous seaport chefs, who pride themselves on creating great cream of shrimp soup, have this advice for folks who want to make it: first, catch your shrimp—then dash for the soup kettle.

For above all, the shrimp must be fresh. Which is why you seldom, if ever, have the pleasure of tasting the real thing. (Unless you live near the shore.)

But Campbell's has changed all that. Now anybody, even folks in Mid-America, can enjoy a Cream of Shrimp Soup that's as fresh-tasting and authentic as any served in a sea-coast restaurant.

Shrimp Never Had It Better

Campbell's begins with choice ocean shrimp. The small, tender kind that cook up whole, pink and fragrant with just-caught flavor. These we plunge into a hot, bubbling blend of milk, cream and carefully measured seasonings.

When the shrimp have imbued the broth with their subtle goodness, we rush it into the freezer to lock in all its fresh flavor until you're ready to enjoy it.



Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Potato • Cream of Shrimp
Clam Chowder (New England Style)
Green Pea with Ham • Oyster Stew



Savory Cream of Shrimp Soup—once a seacoast exclusive, now frozen by Campbell's so you can enjoy it anytime, anywhere.

Fine Fare—Plain Price

At a fine wharf restaurant, soup like this might cost the better part of a dollar bill. And be well worth it. But Campbell's Frozen Cream of Shrimp Soup costs you far less—only about 13¢ a serving. Look in your grocer's freezer for the red and white can.

Seafood Newburg. In saucepan, combine 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Shrimp Soup; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; 1 cup flaked cooked lobster (6-oz. can drained); 1 tbs. butter; 1 tbs. flour; 1 cup cream. Heat slowly; stir often. Serve over hot buttered rice. (1 cup uncooked) Makes 3 to 4 servings.



Shrimp Dip. (Prepare two hours before serving.) Thaw 1 can Campbell's Frozen Cream of Shrimp Soup. Gradually blend with a 3-oz. pkg. softened cream cheese 1 tbs. lemon juice, dash garlic powder and paprika; beat till smooth with spoon or rotary beater. Chill. Makes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups.

CREAM of SHRIMP SOUP

FROZEN by Campbell's

Treaty may well be Kishi's monument, even if in the rough and tumble of Japanese politics it should also become in time his political tombstone. Prime Minister Kishi himself remains serenely optimistic, as befits a man who follows the philosophy of the "blue mountain in the distance." He explains: "The road to the mountain is obscured by many foothills. Some of these must be climbed, some must be gone around, and a good road must be built as the advance proceeds. In some places there will be short cuts, but in general the going will be rough." Rough or smooth, short cut or direct path, Kishi on his record, can be depended upon to keep climbing.

GREAT BRITAIN

Brink Adventures

When a retired statesman writes the story of his career, he almost invariably portrays a situation in which the author is seen as the hero and the other actors have only supporting roles. But last week, as excerpts from his memoirs began to appear in the London *Times*, it was clear that Britain's Sir Anthony Eden intended to break this familiar pattern by offering his readers a cautionary tale dominated by "the bad guy." With only six installments in print, Britain's onetime Tory Prime Minister was already cocking his arm for a Sunday punch at the late John Foster Dulles—the man Eden considers largely responsible for the 1956 Suez crisis, which brought Eden's long political career to a calamitous end.

The Unmailed Letter. Eden begins by coldly surveying Dulles' self-avowed 1954 "brinkmanship" during the last days of the Indo-China war. Dulles first raised the possibility of U.S. military intervention soon after the siege of Dienbienphu began. He was pessimistic about the French, says Eden, and saw them "inevitably ceasing to be a great power." The U.S. was considering sending air and naval units to help the French, provided that 1) France promised to give the Indo-Chinese states their independence, and 2) Britain and other U.S. allies would support the U.S. The British answer, says Eden, was no—unless the impending Geneva peace talks failed. Sir Winston Churchill "summed up the position by saying that what we were being asked to do was to assist in misleading Congress into approving a military operation, which would in itself be ineffective, and might well bring the world to the verge of a major war."

Eden describes a meeting in Paris shortly before the fall of Dienbienphu, when Dulles handed a letter offering U.S. armed aid in Indo-China to French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault. Dulles asked Bidault to read it and decide whether he wanted it sent to him officially. (The point: if Bidault said no, it would then be legitimate, by diplomatic standards, for all hands to deny that any such offer had been made.) Finally, says Eden, the U.S. considered a naval air strike at Dienbienphu on April 28, 1954, but was de-



SIR ANTHONY EDEN
History has a "bad guy."

tered by British objections. (Dulles, Eden says, later minimized the possibility of U.S. military involvement and attributed all the furor to Admiral Arthur W. Radford, "whom he was inclined to criticize.") But the fact that the 1954 Geneva Conference finally ended in the negotiated partition of Indo-China Eden clearly regards as his personal triumph, achieved against Dulles' will.

Whose Version? Unhappily aware that Eden's most controversial charges—those dealing with Dulles' role in the Suez crisis—were still to come, most U.S. and British officials last week tactfully avoided comment on the memoirs. A notable exception was Dwight Eisenhower who at his weekly press conference declared that "there was never any plan [for military intervention in Indo-China] developed to be put into execution." The President tempered his denial by adding that Eden was "not an irresponsible person" and undoubtedly was "writing the story as he believes it to be."

"And remember this," added Ike. "Secretary Dulles was a very forceful man. He could very well talk about possibilities and ask people about possibilities that might by them be considered as proposals, when they were not meant that at all."

WEST GERMANY

The Haunted Past

When a couple of young hoods of the neo-Nazi German Reich Party daubed swastikas on a Cologne synagogue last Christmas Eve, a sort of involuntary twinge stirred memories round the world. Surely not again? The rash of similar incidents that followed, in Germany and abroad, are now on the wane, but at week's end, with a vehemence rare in him, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer went on the air with a remedy for anti-Semites in action: "I say to all my German fellow citizens,

if you catch a ruffian anywhere, execute the punishment on the spot and give him a sound thrashing."

Then Adenauer said: "I turn to my German Jewish fellow citizens and say to them that they can be completely free of worry. This state stands behind them with its entire might. I guarantee this to them."

Adenauer was alarmed by the furor the sick manifestations of anti-Semitism in Germany had stirred abroad, particularly in Britain, and by the criticism that present-day Germany is spreading a "cover of silence" over Nazi misdeeds of 20 years ago while ex-Nazis are turning up in high places, in both East and West German governments. Among prominent officials with a Nazi past in Bonn:

¶ Hans Globke, 61, State Secretary and Adenauer's closest government adviser, was author of the official commentary to Hitler's notorious racist laws of 1935 while an official of the Interior Ministry.

¶ Refugee Minister Theodor Oberlaender, 54, who was a political officer with the Wehrmacht's Nightingale Battalion of pro-German Ukrainian nationalists when they entered Lvov in 1941. Before an international commission in The Hague this month, Oberlaender denied a charge that he ordered the massacre of 2,400 Ukrainians, Poles and Jews at Lvov, declared that the Russians did it before he got there.

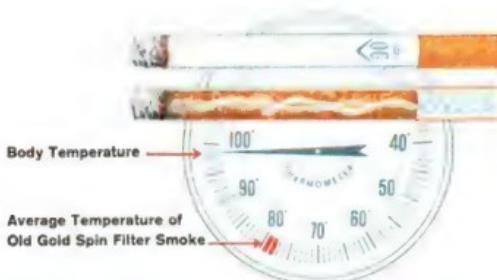
¶ Federal Property Minister Hermann Lindrath, 61, was enrolled as a Hitler storm trooper in 1934, a Nazi Party member in 1937.

¶ Interior Minister Gerhard Schroeder, 49, was a Hitler storm trooper in 1933, a Nazi Party member in 1937.

Full Houses. Knock at any door below these topmost levels, and a former Nazi is a likely as not to answer. One in every three present West German M.P.s was once a Nazi, one in every ten East German M.P.s. The Chief Justice of the Communist East German Supreme Court is an old-time Nazi, the head of the Communist East German Academy of State and Legal Sciences a former high-ranking SS officer. Indignantly correcting a critic a few years ago, Chancellor Adenauer said that "only 66% of the Bonn Foreign Office's senior officials had been Nazi Party members. Perhaps half of all senior civil servants in West German ministries were once Nazis, and the proportion is probably not much less in the East German regime. At least eight West German ambassadors were Nazi Party members. About a third of all German judges were connected in one way or another with the Hitler regime. But, said Chancellor Adenauer last week, the world should recognize that the majority of Germans had served Nazism "only under the hard pressure of dictatorship."

Empty Books. Another pertinent question is whether a new German generation is growing up with a proper knowledge of what went on under Hitler. A West German survey last year showed many schoolchildren with sketchy or distorted ideas ("Hitler did away with unemployment and built the *Autobahnen*"). The ninth-grade textbook used in the most populous West German state deals with the Jewish

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Exclusive
Extra

IN ALL GENERAL MOTORS CARS



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Oldsmobile • Pontiac • GMC
Buick • GMC
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question in a single flat paragraph, without even mentioning the extermination camps in which 4,000,000 Jews were done to death.*

Last week, after a session with Chancellor Adenauer, Interior Minister Schröder called for "a clear, detailed, standard work on the Nazi regime which can be read and understood by all." But the U.S. Document Center in West Berlin announced that information contained in the millions of cards on file at Nazi Party headquarters (captured in 1945) "is a matter for the German government" and would no longer be made available.

POLAND

Abortion Made Easy

Just after Christmas, Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, Poland's Roman Catholic primate, preached a sermon in Warsaw that could be read last week as defiance in advance. The cardinal spoke of "maternity wards which have become mortuaries" and said that "the doctor should continue to be a doctor, a defender of life, not a gravedigger and murderer." But as far as Poland's government was concerned, the nation's 1,000 abortion clinics (or clinics for "interrupted pregnancy") were not doing enough of a job. The government is alarmed about Poland's birth rate, the highest of any large nation in Europe. In 1959 "private" abortions in Poland rose to an estimated 500,000. Last week, denouncing the public clinics for excessive bureaucracy, the government announced new streamlined procedures to put public abortion within the reach of all. From now on, a Polish woman who wants the operation needs only declare verbally to a doctor that she cannot afford the child. If the doctor refuses, she can appeal his decision and, in cases of extreme stubbornness, have him prosecuted.

IRAQ

The Man in the ZIM

It was Premier Karim Kassem's major public appearance since an assassin's bullets sent him to the hospital last October, and a special reviewing platform of steel and brick had been erected for just such occasions. For eight hours he intermittently appeared and disappeared, while the crowd below shrieked "yaish al salim" (Long live the leader).

"Everyone knows," said Kassem next day, "that I am not mindful of death. I have always run with patience, courage and daring after death." Then he denounced Egypt and Jordan for stealing

parts of Palestine, blandly called upon Syria to rebel against Cairo, "We are brothers to all Arab states," he cried. "We are brothers . . ."

Stay Back. It was just the sort of thing the headstrong Iraqi like, and Kassem himself could use a boost to his sagging popularity. Since the attempt on his life, he no longer cruises about in his old Chevrolet station wagon; he now rides in a bulletproof ZIM. His public appearances are limited to ten minutes each; and no stranger is allowed within 20 yards of

tioning popularity that immediately followed the abortive military revolt in Mosul last March. They pressed so hard for admission to Kassem's Cabinet that the Premier's right-wing supporters rose, and fighting broke out in Baghdad. In July the first anniversary of the revolution was marred by a savage Communist-inspired massacre of rightists in Kirkuk. Shocked, Kassem ordered a roundup of Communist leaders—while characteristically taking two party-liners into his Cabinet.

Today the Ministry of Guidance is to-



London Daily Express

PREMIER KASSEM & ADMIRER (IN BACKGROUND: HIS PLATFORM)

Always running after death.

him. In Baghdad, for the first time, there is even an occasional wisecrack about him.

But after exactly 18 months in power, Kassem is still quite literally Iraq's "sole leader," and he apparently feels he can afford some changes. The Iraqi press though a year ago Communist-dominated, now is permitted a degree of opposition unknown in Cairo, Jordan or Iran. Last week political parties were applying for licenses to operate legally for the first time since 1954. And though the Communists have for 18 months enjoyed Kassem's favor, he has succeeded so far in keeping them pretty well at arm's length.

For more than a year, a steady stream of Soviet aid and military equipment poured into Iraq. But even in aid, Iraq has proved stubborn. It has stayed clear of nationalizing the profitable oil industry, whose exports last year rose to a record 10 million tons. The vaunted land-reform program has not touched the huge plantations that each year give Iraq the world's largest date crop. And last week, as a result of old-fashioned consumer resistance, Iraq ended a year-long attempt to direct trade toward the Communist bloc by once again allowing Western automobiles to come in.

House Divided. Though still the strongest political organization in the land, the Communists no longer enjoy the unques-

tally under the Communist thumb, and each morning the military censor duly sends to the Iraqi *Times* the latest Red China news bulletins with passages marked for reprinting. But for the first time, the Communists themselves are divided. Last week not one but two Communist parties asked for licenses—the orthodox outfit and another run by a maverick Marxist editor named Daoud Sayegh, who has done nothing to scotch rumors that much of his money comes out of the pocket of Premier Kassem's government.

BRITISH AFRICA

With Malice from Some

It was a proud and colorful moment in British colonial history. Flocking into swampy Lagos to hear visiting Prime Minister Harold Macmillan address the first session of Nigeria's new Federal Parliament, turbanned chiefs from the Moslem north swept past legislators wearing the billowy white and indigo gowns of the western Yoruba country or the rainbow hues of the east. The Emir of Kano arrived at the entrance of the Parliament in a glittering Rolls-Royce, its horn blaring. In walked the popular Finance Minister, Chief Festus Samuel Okotie-Eboh, wearing a straw boater and a figured scarf that trailed 4 yds. behind

* The paragraph: "The Jews were expelled from the German community. Marriages between German and Jews were outlawed. The Jews were deprived of German citizenship. In 1938 Jew persecutions reached their climax. Synagogues were destroyed, shops were damaged, and the ill-treated Jews were burdened with a 1 billion mark fine. These Jew pogroms were very damaging to German prestige abroad. In August 1936, Olympic Games were staged in Berlin in an impressive setting. In those days the world abroad was impressed by the organizing skill of the Third Reich."



Ernest Mantsebo

CHIEFTAINESS MANTSEBO
From a brew of human flesh . . .

him. A jovial group of eastern M.P.s drove up in a red Dodge convertible with a big stuffed toy tiger propped up on the back seat. Finally the Speaker, in his legislative robes and wig, strode majestically into the chamber, followed by the sergeant at arms bearing the golden mace of authority. "Extraordinary," said Macmillan with pleasure. "Nigeria has come to the threshold of independence without strife or bitterness between our two peoples."

The transition to self-rule of Nigeria's black 35 millions, due next October, was as close to perfect as Britain could hope to achieve in Africa. But the achievement was not complicated, as it is in British East and Central Africa, by deeply entrenched white settler populations. There the rising pressures for independence were giving the British a harder time. Britain's first Prime Minister ever to tour Africa south of the Sahara would find two key trouble spots.

Kenya, whence last week African leaders flew off to London to renew their fight for control of the colony. Minimum demands of tough young Tom Mboya, the brains of the African delegation: internal self-government for Kenya's 6,000,000 Africans this year, a common voting roll with universal suffrage, and only a brief transitional tutelage period in which Britons would remain in charge of Kenya's justice, defense and foreign affairs.

At Mboya's elbow during the talks will be Thurgood Marshall, general counsel of the N.A.A.C.P., who flew to Kenya from the U.S. to advise on tactics. Kenya's white settler extremists firmly reject the idea of an African government and insist that Britain remain in control indefinitely. Last week Governor Sir Patrick Renison signed a red-ribbed document formally ending the seven-year Mau Mau state of emergency. In Nairobi's African locations,

thousands of natives celebrated on a native beer called *pombe*, and burned the hated identification passbooks they have had to carry.

The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, an unhappy wedding of 7,000,000 blacks and 300,000 whites, created in 1953, Harold Macmillan visits there this week, not long before an official British commission headed by Lord Monckton arrives to study the Federation's dubious future. Nyasaland's 3,250,000 natives are determined to leave the Federation. Similarly, Northern Rhodesia's blacks fear domination by big, white-run, *apartheid*-minded Southern Rhodesia, most powerful member in the Federation. Last week Federation Prime Minister Sir Roy Welensky replied, "Poppycock!" when radio interviewers suggested that a "tide of African nationalism is rising." But African leaders said they would boycott Macmillan's speech in Salisbury, which is being given in two movie theaters (one with loudspeakers) that are normally barred to non-whites. "We don't want to be used as a showpiece for Macmillan's visit and then be discriminated against once again the minute he leaves," said one.

BASUTOLAND

Horn of Trouble

Basutoland is a tiny (11,716 sq. mi.) British crown colony, entirely surrounded by the Union of South Africa. In theory, Basutoland is two-thirds Christian, but the real source of ultimate power, in the minds of most Basuto, is a gory brew called the *dirello*. It is boiled up from human flesh, blood, fat, and herbs pounded into paste. To be really potent, the flesh must be stripped from a still living human body, which explains why 140 people have died since 1945—and 51 were accused of killings last year—to provide raw materials for *dirello*.

The wise chief keeps a supply stashed in a hidden *lenaka*, the hollowed horn of an antelope or ram, to smear on himself or members of his family when good fortune is most needed. Among the 650,000 Basuto, he who holds the *lenaka* holds power. Everyone agrees that no one has had more powerful medicine than Mantsebo Amelia Seiso. Basutoland's portly, domineering Paramount Chieftainess.

Under the Blanket. Two decades ago, Mantsebo took over in a bitter family quarrel that sorely split the Sons of Mosesh, the elite 1,000-odd living descendants of the fabled 19th century ruler who fought off the Zulus, founded the Basuto nation, and asked that his people be taken "under the great Queen Victoria's blanket." Over the years, Mantsebo successfully parried each attempt to edge her out, but last week a new, more dangerous threat was on the scene: a tall, natty young Oxford student just back from England. He was Constantine Bereng Seciso, Mantsebo's stepson and legitimate claimant to the paramount chieftaincy. Bereng was only two years old when his father, Paramount Chief, died in 1940,



Ernest Bereng Seciso

STEPSON BERENG
... to more education.

and Mantsebo, the senior wife, took over as regent. Now he had come of age, and was demanding his throne immediately so that he could be in power in time for this week's elections. Basutoland's first step toward limited self-government.

Calling a Council. Bereng found two of the country's four political parties and nine of the 22 Basuto principal chiefs on his side, but Mantsebo stubbornly stuck to her argument: Bereng could not become Paramount Chief until he finished his education and married. One of her fears: he might marry a white woman, as a London report had it ("That story about my having a fair gel—sheer nonsense," admitted Bereng).

Bereng said that he would not return to his Oxford classes (where his marks have dropped to near failing, anyway) until a family council was called to consider his demands. Mantsebo gave in, but it would be weeks before the conclave could be arranged, and meanwhile the old woman would be running things and able to control the nominations for Basutoland's new National Council.

Mantsebo's harsh treatment of Bereng—the rightful heir to the throne—was certain to arouse old hatreds, and all the Basuto could only hope it did not provoke another wave of medicine murder.

Basutoland's existence is precarious enough as it is. Its economy is dependent on the remittances sent home by the 150,000 Basuto who work in South African mines and farms, and on food imported from the Union. For years South African governments have demanded that Britain hand over Basutoland. But the Basuto, who enjoy racial freedom in their own country where white ownership of land is forbidden, dread the thought of falling under South Africa's *apartheid* rules, and long ago extracted a promise from Britain that British rule will remain until the Basuto themselves consent to a change.



What does the boss think when you say, “I need a raise”?

(Well, at least you're finally showing some initiative.)

"I've been here ten years, and can't remember when I last had a raise . . .

(I wonder if you remember last week's inventory figures?)

" . . . so I think I deserve one. I know all about my job . . .

(Right, but you don't know all about getting cooperation from those who work with you.)

" . . . I'm really going to need more money. We're expecting a new baby . . .

(That has nothing to do with this business. In addition to your other personal shortcomings, your lack of self-confidence keeps you from contributing to this company. You never speak up at our meetings.)

" . . . so, if you can do anything for me, I'll appreciate it."

(How can I make you see that knowing your job isn't enough?)

To move ahead in any job you have to develop your personal abilities. Wake up to this, and I'd feel you'd earn a raise.)

Somewhere every day, a man works up his courage to ask for a raise—then blunders through the ordeal. seldom does he know how to talk to his employer in terms of mutual interests. Doing so requires the positive, inborn abilities most men and women have but do not use . . . the ability to speak effectively and sell your ideas to others; to develop a retentive memory; to think and act on your own; to work in cooperation with others without pressure.

These are among the elements needed to assert your self-confidence, increase your earning power and attain greater personal fulfillment. The Dale Carnegie Course

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THE HEMISPHERE



GOVERNOR GENERAL VANIER OPENING PARLIAMENT⁹
In an old ceremony, a new man.

Credit: Pres

CANADA

G.G. on the Job

A horse-drawn landau, preceded by 22 lance-bearing Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen, wheeled one afternoon last week through the gates of Parliament Hill in Ottawa. A guard of honor, red jackets snug in the nippy 25° wind, clicked to attention; half a mile away artillerymen fired off the first boomerang 105-mm. shot of their 21-gun salute.

The form of the ceremony was nearly as old as Parliament itself, but the man so honored was new. Respondent in his red-and-silver-trimmed black uniform, tall, courtly Governor General George Philias Vanier, 71, first French Canadian to serve as the Queen's Viceroy in Canada ('Tish Sept. 21), had arrived to open Parliament. In the crowded Senate chamber, he read his first Speech from the Throne. By his side, regal in red velvet and diamonds, was his handsome wife Pauline.

The speech, actually written by Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, outlined an agenda for the third session of Canada's 24th Parliament. With his unbeatable conservative majority (208 of the 265 Commons seats), Diefenbaker could undoubtedly ram through virtually any law he wanted, but in prosperous Canada the Prime Minister wants no drastic changes. The speech's most talk-stirring feature was what it left out: for the first time since the Korean war began, Canada's armed forces went unmentioned. Instead, Vanier read—in both English and French—of the government's hope for a "controlled disarmament" in the world, which will let the cost-conscious Diefenbaker slice into Canada's heavy (\$1.7 billion in

fiscal 1950) defense budget. Sample of the other proposals: old-age and veterans' benefits to citizens living outside Canada—so that retired Canadians can escape the winter in, say, Florida.

Diving for Treasure

Wearing a 225-lb. suit and helmet, Diver Jack Coghlan, 25, slipped through a hole in the 14-in. ice and out of sight in Port Arthur harbor last week. On bottom at 25 ft., he pushed through waist-deep silt to a wall of sheet-metal piling. In 30° water, he carefully passed his rubber-gloved hands over the foundation, reporting what he felt and what little he could see into a telephone linked with the surface, and thought to himself, "Life could hardly be rosier these days."

As the lakehead's only full-time professional diver, Coghlan was checking the foundation of a grain elevator, a chore at which panicky operators have kept him since the collapse of Port Arthur's United Grain Growers' elevator last September. Five days last week, he was underwater for an hour morning and afternoon on the elevator job. "To break the monotony," he passed up the sure-thing \$150-a-day fee on two of those days to look for—and find—a 1,800-lb. anchor lost by the government ice breaker *Alexander Henry* last fall. That treasure made his Superior Diving & Salvaging Co. \$650 richer.

Booked Up. Coghlan, who currently lives with his 10-year-old wife and infant daughter in a house trailer parked on

the Port Arthur harbor ice, was overdue for some luck. Last summer a sudden Lake Superior gale swallowed Superior's 60-ft. barge, with equipment worth \$20,000. Coghlan, fished out after five minutes in the lake, had no applicable insurance, was left with little equipment and \$8,000 in debts. Steady elevator-inspection work now has the debts "under control," and Coghlan has bookings for \$10,000 more of the same this year. But he yearns to try for the really big money that he is convinced waits for him in the sunken Lake Superior treasure.

Major bonanza is the Canada Steamship Line's *Kamloops*, which went down off Isle Royale on Dec. 6, 1927, with a crew of 22 and, says Coghlan, \$1,500,000 in papermaking machinery, plus liquor worth \$750,000. Coghlan says he found the wreck in U.S. territory last Aug. 6 in 150 ft. of water, three-quarters of a mile off the island. U.S. park rangers chased him off, says Coghlan, and he was on his way to get permission to continue when the storm swamped his barge.

Silver & Jewels. Coghlan also covets Standard Oil Heir William L. Harkness's 205-ft. yacht *Gunnida*, which sank in 200 ft. of water off Rossport on Aug. 31, 1911. Coghlan has researched the *Gunnida*'s last hours, is convinced that \$20,000 in silverware and jewels are inside the yacht's rotting hull. After that he hopes to investigate a promising underwater copper deposit off Rossport. He also thinks he can make money retrieving pulpwood "worth at least \$2,000,000" that lines the harbor bottom at Thunder Bay (about one pulpwood log in 20 sinks during rafting and water storage). And if none of



DIVER COGHLAN
In the cold water, a warm reward.



Henry vii, Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots are buried within chapel

Tread softly past the long, long sleep of kings

THIS IS Henry vii's chapel in Westminster Abbey. These windows have filtered the sunlight of five centuries. They have also seen the crowning of twenty-two kings.

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heavy and becalmed. But still the royal crown remains. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

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Wells. Get a map and make your choice.

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You will rejoice that you did.

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these treasures pan out, Coghlan has a hole card. He can always hunt for the 24 more anchors known to be at the bottom of Port Arthur harbor, worth, he says, from \$500 to \$2,000 each.

CUBA

Protest Against Theft

Angry, aware that the answer would be nothing but an outburst of hysteria, the U.S. State Department last week once again protested to Cuba not over the expropriation but over the theft of U.S. property. The U.S. said that in seizing a third of the \$850 million U.S. investment in Cuba, Dictator Fidel Castro is violating both "Cuban law and generally accepted international law." Examples:

¶ Near Varadero Beach on Dec. 7, a contingent of bearded Cubans headed by Communist Major Ernesto ("Che") Guevara boarded a seagoing hydraulic dredge owned by the M & M Dredging & Construction Co. of Miami, pulled down the U.S. flag, seized the dredge, a derrick barge, two seagoing tugs and an auxiliary boat worth a total of \$500,000.

¶ A 23-year-old Guatemalan Communist, appointed by the Labor Ministry, took over the Havana office of the Otis Elevator Co., fired the manager, put himself on the payroll, and began managing the business so that the company fears ruin.

Inevitably, such acts are building pressure in Congress for a change in the sugar quota system under which Cuba supplies one out of every three teaspoons of sugar used in the U.S., and at the premium price of about 5¢ per lb. v. 3¢ on the free market. This subsidy of \$180 million a year to Cuba was once balanced by Cuba's preferential tariff rates. Now Cuba has raised tariff walls 30% to 100%, cutting back its imports from the U.S. by \$156 million last year (to \$390 million).

Though subsidizing a government that has openly set out to break all historic ties with the U.S. is unpalatable, cutting the quota might spur such a reprisal as abrogating the treaty giving the U.S. the Guantánamo naval base, or might actually strengthen Castro's support by increasing anti-U.S. sentiment. Chairman Harold Cooley of the House Agriculture Committee would like to keep the quota law on a year-to-year basis. Another talked-of solution: a bill giving the President the authority to change quotas at will.

GUATEMALA

The Gods of Olintepeque

Swashbuckling into Guatemala more than 400 years ago with soldiers, priests and instructions to Christianize the heathen, Conquistador Pedro de Alvarado took thoughtful note of the fact that much of the rites of the Mayas' animistic religion resembled Roman Catholicism. The Mayas burned candles and incense, venerated relics, held processions. Alvarado's priests seized on the common ground; they gave the local gods the names of saints, the Virgin and Christ, and pushed on to convert other pagans.

The Indians accepted the new gods enthusiastically, but kept the old, and melded the two into a strange religion of their own. Villages had special local deities. Chichicastenango Indians lit candles in the church, then offered candles, liquor and even crosses on a three-foot-high stone figure of the pagan god Pascual-Abaj on a hill behind the church. Santiago Atitlán's favorite was Maximón, a raffish deity with four hats and an uninhibited libido.

The special idol of the village of Olintepeque was "San Pascual," Lord of Crops and Protector of Flocks. To Catholics, San Pascual is a Spanish-born 16th century saint, but the Indians embody him in an image and a bundle of bones kept in Olintepeque. One day last week in the main plaza of that village, the 1,500 inhabitants gathered apprehensively. The in-



PAGAN RITES AT CHRISTIAN CHURCH
To Christ and a four-headed deity.

flux of foreign Catholic priests that started in 1954 (following repeal of a 19th century ban) was finally bringing Olintepeque its own parish priest, Luis Manresa Formosa, Bishop of nearby Quezaltenango and a no-nonsense defender of the faith, was coming with the developmental Governor to install James Flaherty of New York's Maryknoll order, as the fulltime village priest.

The villagers stirred in the square, worried about their idol; soon the shouts arose: "Down with the catechists! Long Live King San Pascual." Maryknoller Flaherty, who had been a missionary at nearby Sija, drove up, heard the shouts, nervously turned back. Minutes later Bishop Manresa and his party rolled in with six policemen, and the Governor told San Pascual's devotees to make way for the clergy. Emboldened, the mayor said his town did not want Flaherty, the foreign priest; the angry Governor summoned soldiers, who cleared the plaza. Bishop Manresa elevated the Olintepeque church to parish status; then, as villagers threw

stones and police fired into the air, he retired, uninjured, leaving the field to worshippers of San Pascual.

But it might well be San Pascual's last victory. Buttressed by Spanish priests who insist on orthodox Catholicism, Guatemala's hierarchy is finally determined to root out paganism and do away with the God of the Hills, the God of the Plains, and even that leering old devil who posed as a saint, Maximón.

VENEZUELA

Crackdown on the Mob

Caracas, like Paris of old, is a city with a mob. The mob's hungry, resentful, mostly unemployed members live in shanties that cling to the hills around the rich and modern city like a scabby rash. Their economic plight deeply moves President Rómulo Betancourt, but politically they form a volatile threat to his regime. They are the ones who kicked and spat at U.S. Vice President Nixon, cheered Cuba's Fidel Castro when he visited Venezuela (and voted 5-1 in Caracas against President Rómulo Betancourt in the 1958 election). Last week 400 of the most resentful and hot-tempered mobsters came down from the hills to riot and burn.

Luring them down into town was a gathering of unemployed workers; leading them on was a cadre of antigovernment hoodlums. The leaders scattered leaflets blasting Betancourt's Acción Democrática Party, got about 200 of the unemployed to join a protest parade toward the Plaza Silencio, Caracas' traditional riot spot.

On the way to Silencio they stopped buses, let air out of their tires to block traffic. They tossed stones at display windows and police cars, got bullets and tear gas in return. As they began burning vehicles, trucks roared into the center of the city carrying 2,000 battle-ready National Guardsmen. The troops brought a brief lull; then the mob tried to lynch a cop. Troops and more cops broke up the lynching bee, but for nearly seven hours the rioters smashed windows, burned, looted, tried to invade central police headquarters. By the time peace returned, one rioter had been shot through the head, 23 more were wounded, 242 were under arrest.

When the rioting broke out, Betancourt was outside Caracas, inaugurating public works and dividing government land among peasant farmers. He dashed back to the capital, held a grim-faced meeting with his Cabinet, ordered a crackdown. Result: without benefit of trial, those arrested as arsonists, looters or vandals during the riots were flown to road-building camps in eastern Venezuela. Betancourt, "as a democratic Venezuelan and a sensible man," regretted the necessity, but he added: "I have given instructions to all police forces to proceed with maximum energy against those who try to repeat the shameful events." The first test of the get-tough policy would come Jan. 23, second anniversary of the day the mob helped overthrow the 1950-58 dictatorship of Marcos Pérez Jiménez and cleared the way for Betancourt's democracy.

PEOPLE

All Japan was jumping. Another year had rolled around, and the annual New Year poetry contest results were proclaimed. This year the subject of the 31-syllable *waka* competition was "Light," a topic chosen by Emperor Hirohito himself. There were more than 23,000 entrants, the most ever, and the 15 winners (Japan's royalty is excluded) included a blind lady who submitted her poem in Braille, and a humble lady day laborer of a class known to Japanese as *anko*, which is, in turn, a fish that is mostly mouth and stomach. The Emperor's *waka* (which always seems to lose a certain something in translation) went:

*My hope is that the sun,
Rising in brilliance in the morning,
Shall cast its light unobscured
Over all the world.*

But the *waka* that aroused the most popular interest was one submitted by pretty Crown Princess Michiko, 25, who is about to don the traditional pregnancy belt. Her entry:

*As I wait for spring
That is full of light and hope,
Deep within my heart
I become attached to earth
Which enfolds the source of life.*

Cried a court chamberlain, himself a red-hot *waka* whiz: "Michiko employed eighth-century Man'yoshū-style words in two places in her poem—making it difficult even for experts to understand. Prodigious!"

Michigan's durable (six terms) Democratic Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams doffed his eternal bow tie, donned vestments for a rather surprising role. His Sabbath assignment: lay



GOVERNOR WILLIAMS
Reading.

reader in Lansing's St. Paul's Episcopal Church. His text: *Isaiah 60: 1-6; Matthew 2: 1-12.*

When Heiress Gamble Benedict, 19 last week, was a little girl, her mother committed suicide. Gamble's father, Vermonter Psychiatrist J. Douglas Sharpe, later lost custody of Gamble and her brother Douglas, who then fell under the stern care of their maternal grandmother, Manhattan Dowager Katharine Geddes ("Grammy") Benedict, now 75. Did Gamble feel that Grammy gave her more lectures than love? So it seemed last week, which found Gamble in Paris with Rumanian-born Andrei Porumbeanu, 34, a U.S. Air Force veteran, who had met Gamble at a Manhattan party. The two



Prodigies and Melancholy Dames
GAMBLE & ANDREI
Loving,

had eloped, right after Gamble's flossy debut party, on a slow boat to Antwerp. Trouble was that Porumbeanu was married, with a wife and ten-year-old daughter back in Manhattan. The couple announced in Paris that they would be wed as soon as Andrei's divorce could be got. Was Andrei merely a fortune-hunting cad on the make for Gamble's Remington-typewriter legacy? It was easy to draw that conclusion, but, oddly enough, many of Gamble Benedict's good friends, while admitting that the romance is a bit unwieldy at the moment, believe that it may be true love. Interestingly, Brother Douglas, 21, eloped a couple of years ago at a tender age—but Grammy had that match annulled promptly.

While a full complement of European royalty and all manner of aristocrats looked on, *Lady Pamela Mountbatten*,

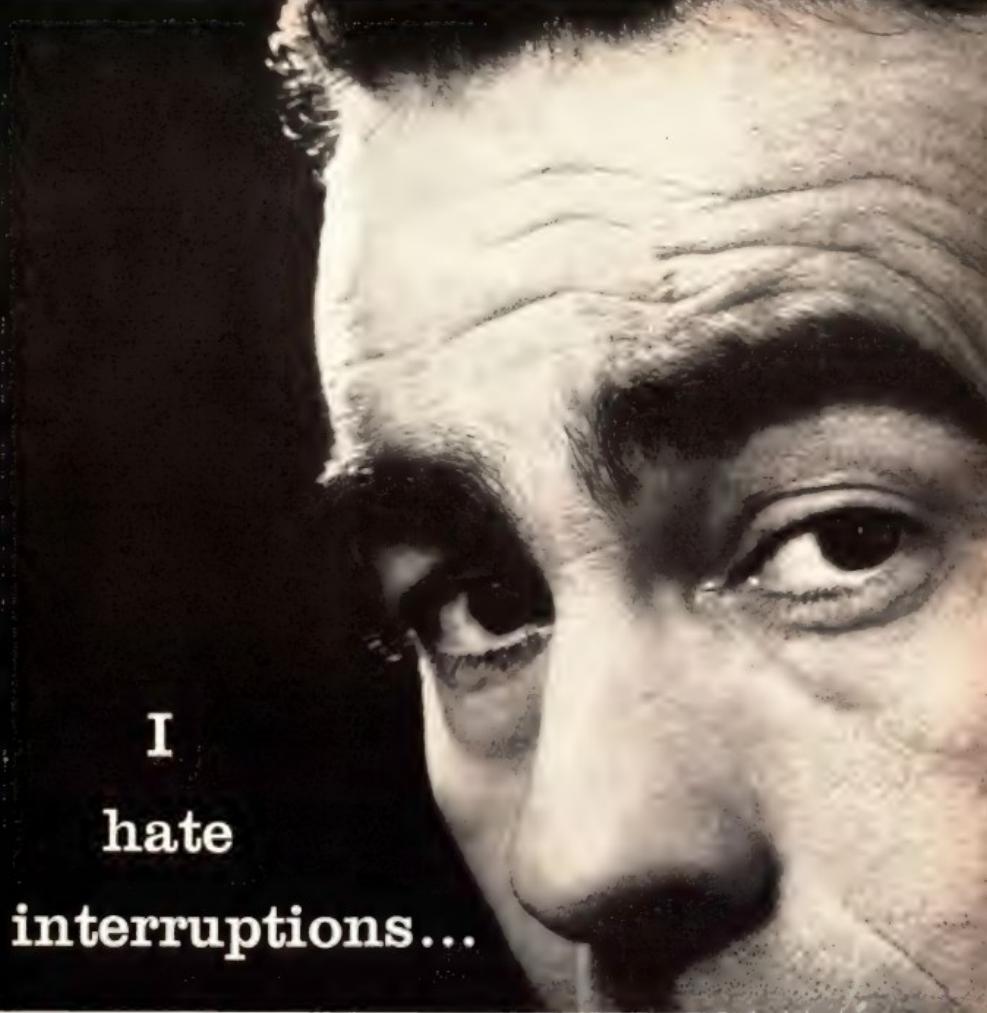


London Daily Express
**PRINCESS ANNE:
Sipping.**

30, younger daughter of Britain's Admiral of the Fleet **Earl Mountbatten**, was married to Commoner David Hicks, one of Mayfair's classiest interior decorators. During the ceremony, a blizzard raged outside old Romsey Abbey in Hampshire. Because of her pregnancy, Queen Elizabeth II was not there, but her most charming proxy was doubtless little **Princess Anne**, 9, buffered from the very cold weather with a flannel-lined bridesmaid's gown. At the reception, Anne, feeling quite grown up, sipped ginger ale from a bubbly glass while solemnly watching her elders downing the real thing.

Confronted with a dilemma, Evangelist **Billy Graham**, vacationing at Jamaica's fashionable Round Hill resort, faced it squarely. Sizzling with a bad case of sunburn, he was advised that the best remedy is whisky. But Billy decided against a Scotch skin rub: "Can you imagine what the hotel servants would think if they came into my room and found me reeking of whisky? Why, it would be all over the hotel that Billy Graham was drunk!"

Popping off in Detroit during a pre-Broadway tour of *A Thurber Carnival*, Humorist **James Thurber**, 65, got to talking to local newsmen about history and women. Said he: "Women are taking over the world because they are blandly unconcerned about history. I once sat next to a woman who asked, 'Why did we have to purchase Louisiana, when we got all the other states free?' I explained to her that Louisiana was owned by two women—Louise and Anna Wilmot—and that they sold it to General Winfield Scott, provided he'd name it after them. This was called the Wilmot Proviso, and his closing of the deal was the Dred Scott decision. She answered, 'Never mind the details! Why did we let them talk us into it at all?'"



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EDUCATION

Physics Appreciation 10

*There was once a young lady called Bright,
Who traveled much faster than light.
She started one day
On her relative way,
And came back on the previous night.*

This limerickization of a facet of Einstein's theory of relativity is a sample of the witty, plain-speaking physics that has moved over 900 University of California students to sign up for next semester's early-morning (8 o'clock) freshman course, catalogued simply as: "Physics 10. Descriptive introduction to physics." Limerick-wielder, parablist and reason for the rush: the lecturer in Physics 10 this spring, Dr. Edward Teller. The brilliant theoretical physicist credited with a major role in perfecting the H-bomb, Teller, in a series of appearances since 1955 on San Francisco's prizewinning ETV Station KQED, has proved a master at lighting up the dark corners of physics for laymen. Although on leave from the university (he is boss of the AEC University of California's Radiation Laboratory at Livermore), he volunteered to teach Berkeley's one-semester course because "it will not be a physics class but a physics-appreciation course—an appreciation of what physics is about, not a practical knowledge. When you teach music appreciation, you do not sit the student down and make him play the scales with no mistakes. You suggest he listen to the Ninth Symphony, and then discuss it with him."

New Money

From the success of the biggest fund-raising drive in the history of American undergraduate education (at Harvard) to an unexpected \$1,000,000 from a retired cash register salesman (for St. Louis' Washington University), the ways in which U.S. universities find new funds made news last week. Among the diverse donors:

• New York Yachtsman Harold S. Vanderbilt gave \$2,500,000 to the Program



PHYSICIST TELLER
How to light dark corners.

for Harvard College, just in time to enable the monumental three-year campaign to top its goal with total pledges of \$82,697,470, plus a \$5,000,000 dividend of interest and appreciation already earned by Program money in the bank. Explained one-time Harvardman ('07) Vanderbilt: "This drive has acquired an almost romantic appeal for the many who love Harvard."

• McDonnell Aircraft Corp. in St. Louis, after totting up the cost of parties, souvenirs and advertising planned to celebrate its 20th anniversary, decided to give the \$300,000 instead to home-town Saint Louis and Washington universities, and President James S. McDonnell's alma mater, Princeton. McDonnell makes mostly military jets, also has a contract for the space capsule to carry the first U.S. astronaut aloft.

• The Falcon Foundation, a group of air-minded men and present and former Air Force officials, headed by Major Gen-

eral (ret.) Robert J. Smith, chairman of Dallas' Federal Reserve Bank, is financing 20 boys in three preparatory schools this year, all Air Force Academy applicants turned down initially only because of inadequate preparation. Eight current academy cadets rose through the Falcon Foundation's prep program last year.

• Prague-born, retired Cash Register Salesman Karl D. Umrath, 76, who migrated to the U.S. in 1902 and started as a \$6-a-week floor sweeper, was disclosed as the anonymous donor of \$1,000,000 to Washington University a year ago, when his wife last week gave the school another \$200,000. The Umrats, still living in the modest brick house in St. Louis in which they were married 55 years ago, seemed unlikely bets for anybody's fund-raising list. But Umrath started investing when he arrived in the U.S., during the Depression picked up blue-chip stocks at bargain-basement prices, explained last week that he was giving his fortune to education rather than to charities because "I am my brother's keeper, and the best way to keep one's brother is to make him self-sufficient."

Forthright for Federal Aid

Lying dormant but very much alive on the front stoops of both political parties approaching the 1960 campaign is the nettlesome issue of federal aid to education. The dilemma posed by segregation in Southern public schools, the bogey of federal control following U.S. aid, make the issue hard to handle. But burgeoning school populations and stretched-to-the-limit state and local support make it an issue that must be faced. This week the Democrats made the first try.

"We believe that the moment has at length come when the Federal government must provide some significant share of the cost of education," declares the Democratic Party's brain-trusting Advisory Council this week in a 30-page report entitled *Education and Freedom's Future*. Mixing a facts-and-figures look at America's schooling needs with political sallies suitable for 1960 platform use, the report is the work of a committee headed by William Benton,* one-time Senator from Connecticut; adm'an (Benton & Bowles); vice president of the University of Chicago (1937-45), publisher (1942-45) of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. The report's recommendation: federal expenditures for education of \$1 billion a year at once, rising in four "stages" to \$3 billion or \$4 billion a year.

The bulk of the money, says the council, should go to public schools in "annual grants to the states, on a per pupil basis": \$25 per pupil the first year, eventually reaching \$100 per pupil annually. "Matching" grants by the states would ensure that the U.S. supplemented but did not replace state and local spending. At one point the report proclaims that, "most certainly Federal support for edu-



FRED LAWRENCE
AIRMAN SMITH



JETMAKER McDONNELL
How to keep one's brothers.



ART FILMORE
SALESMAN UMRATH

* Other committee members: Chairman of Harvard's Economics Department Seymour Harris, Economist-Educator Beardley Ruml, and Economics Professor Walter Heller of the University of Minnesota.



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cation should never be allowed to slow the carrying out of the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court on segregation." But in its concluding recommendations the council more than nods to the Southern wing of its party in urging that the pupil grants to states have "no strings attached except that such funds should be used for public elementary and secondary education, what is 'public' to be defined by the states."

Other Education and Freedom's Future recommendations:

¶ Expansion of the College Housing Loan Program to include all kinds of campus structures, with sufficient funds to double present U.S. college capacities.

¶ Creation of a federal-state cooperative scholarship program to award annually 25,000 scholarships worth up to \$1,000, usable in any accredited U.S. college or abroad "where desirable," for up to four years. The U.S. and the states would split the costs fifty-fifty, and in the fourth stage the total number of scholarships would be 100,000.

Scholars & Teachers

Ever since 1933, when President Robert Maynard Hutchins, disturbed at the way teacher education seemed divorced from scholarly pursuits, abolished the school of education, the University of Chicago has been without an organized teacher-training program. In 1958 the university decided it was high time to get back in business again, and last week Francis S. Chase, dean of Chicago's new graduate department of education, announced the program for the first 100 students, due to enter next September. His prospectus makes plain that on its second try, Chicago is in dead earnest about producing teachers who know their specialties, scholars who know how to teach.

The key to the blend lies in the two-year mix of the program. In his first year the student will spend a full year of graduate work in his subject under supervision of top scholars from various divisions of the university proper. Among the teachers: Historians Daniel Boorstin and Louis Gottschalk, Physicist Samuel Allison, Mathematician Marshall Stone. In addition, students will observe high school teaching, take wide-ranging weekly seminar in the psychology of learning and the philosophy of education. In the student's second year, the emphasis shifts to a "teaching residency in a selected high school." Unlike unpaid practice teachers, the student will earn three-fifths of a regular teacher's salary. Once a week he will meet with a university scholar to go over problems in teaching his subject.

At the end of two years, to earn his master of arts in the teaching of his specialty, the student must be certified by three groups: his major department in the university, the education department, the supervisors of his year of teaching. The result, says Dean Chase, is that "we will be putting ourselves out on a limb. We will not only be saying that this person has passed our tests, but that he or she will be a good teacher."



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MAKING THE BEST TODAY STILL BETTER TOMORROW



THIOKOL'S ROCKET PLANT AT BRIGHAM CITY
In the once-quiet desert, sounds of excitement and urgency.

Home of Minuteman

If excitement and urgency showed on a map, one of the most conspicuous places in the U.S. this week would be an edge of northern Utah, hitherto noted chiefly for peaches, sheep and sugar beets. This unlikely region, in Box Elder County north of Great Salt Lake, is boiling with frantic activity. Strange lights glare in the night, making the mountains shine, and a grumbling roar rolls across the desert. By day enormous clouds of steam-white smoke billow up in a few seconds and drift over hills and valleys. Monstrous vehicles with curious burdens lumber along the roads. All these strange goings-on mark the development of the Minuteman, the solid-fuel missile that its proponents confidently expect will ultimately replace the liquid-fuel Atlas as the U.S.'s standard ICBM.

No Countdown. It all began in 1957 when the 20,000-odd people of Brigham City heard without much interest that an East Coast outfit with a peculiar name, Thiokol Chemical Corp., planned to build some sort of plant on a nearly desert. Few realized that the newcomer would turn their isolated, sheep-and-sugar-beet town into a booming center of U.S. rocketry. Today the rocket plant's employees number more than 3,000, flood Brigham City's roads with traffic and its schools with children. Ranch-style homes for engineers, chemists, physicists and mathematicians are spreading into the beet fields. This is only a beginning. The Air Force announced that it will soon build at Brigham City a full-scale plant to mass-produce Thiokol's mighty first-stage booster for the Minuteman. Estimated cost: \$80 million. To be near the expanded operation, Thiokol's top brass last week were preparing to shut up the rocket headquarters at Huntsville, Ala. and move en masse to Ogden, 20 miles south of Brigham City.

The Brigham City plant began as a research center and pilot plant for production of rocket engines filled with the rubbery solid fuel that was Thiokol's first

SCIENCE

contribution to rocketry. It has grown into 84 smallish structures scattered over miles of desert, but it still reflects the basic simplicity that is solid fuel's chief advantage over liquid. The liquid-fuel rocket engines that push the Thor and Atlas must be static-tested with their flames shooting downward, which requires massive, well-anchored test stands to resist the upward thrust. Their liquid fuel and oxidizer call for pumps, tanks, valves and tubing. Instruments watch every part of their twisted intestinal tract and report to a thick-walled blockhouse protected from blast and flame. A long countdown is required to make sure that every small detail is in working order.

Fat Cylinder. Thiokol's test stands are hardly more than nicks in the rocky hillsides. They need no elaborate structures or tubing because a solid-fuel booster is little more than a fat, blunt-nosed casing for the fuel it encloses. It lies on its side in a heavy steel cradle and pokes its enormous thrust against a vertical rock face sheathed with concrete. Instruments record vibrations, temperatures and the stress in its metal skin, but human watchers do not shelter in a blockhouse. They watch the tests from open hillsides. "Distance is cheaper," they say, "than concrete and periscopes."

When a "big one" is scheduled for a night test, a honking sound beats for a few minutes over the still desert to warn the unwary. Then privileged watchers inside the fence feel the ground tremble under their feet, see a long, white, incredibly brilliant flame jet horizontally out of the hillside. The show lasts for about one minute and shuts off abruptly. There is no fuss, no dramatic countdown, seldom any delay.

Heat to Cure. The plants that make Minuteman boosters are also reflections of solid-fuel simplicity. There is little machine work; most of the engine's comparatively few parts come prefabricated. Biggest part of the job is filling the cas-

ing with fuel, which is a secret liquid plastic compound mixed with crystalline potassium perchlorate to supply oxygen. The mixing is done in a plant that is mostly underground. A crane running on rails sets the empty booster casing upright in a square hole. Then an odd-looking little building mounted on rails moves over each casing and carefully pours it full of paste-thick fuel. When the building rolls to the next hole, the filled casing is covered with sheet metal and heated by pipes set in the hole's walls.

Slowly the fuel is cured to a rubbery solid, tightly filling the casing. When the cure is complete, the booster is lifted out of its hole and carried off for attachment of nozzles and other final items. Then it is stored in an insulated building or truck, and left to cool evenly.

Chief hazards in the filling and curing process are air bubbles or other empty spaces in the fuel. When a solid rocket is fired, the flame starts at a precisely shaped central cavity and eats its way outward. An air bubble allows part of the flame to get ahead of the rest. The result is a "hot spot" that burns a hole in the rocket's metal casing before all its fuel is consumed, causing a disastrous blowout. To eliminate such a mishap, each booster is taken to a fenced-off area blazoned with signs warning against radiation. There it is wrapped in X-ray film, and a speck of fiercely radioactive cobalt 60 is thrust into its cavity. When the films are developed, they show up any air bubbles.

New Monster. The heavy boosters are hauled around by ordinary cranes, but these are being replaced by a monstrous device called a transrector. Built by Hulford Corp. of El Segundo, Calif., it weighs 121,000 lbs., costs \$750,000. With its two engines and its five-man crew, it can lift a booster from deep underground and brandish it like a cigar. Its massive but sensitive arms can pin an egg down so delicately that the shell is not cracked, yet so firmly that the egg cannot be removed without breaking it.

Like all big missiles, Minuteman is an assembly job, using components from



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many sources. Besides making the heavy first-stage booster, Thiokol may also get the contract for the second-stage booster. The third stage, which has yet to reach final design, will probably be made by Hercules Powder Co. at Bacchus, 15 miles southwest of Salt Lake City. The guidance system, made by North American Aviation, Inc. (it recently got a \$115 million contract), will be shipped in from California. Boeing Airplane Co. will put together the three stages and install the guidance system in the completed missile at Hill Air Force Base near Ogden. By 1963, the target date for Minuteman to reach full operational status, this area of dry hills and crags in northern Utah may be the most important missile center in the U.S.

Space & Bugs

At last week's international space conference at Nice, France, the hottest subject was "exobiology," a newly coined word for the study of life that may exist beyond the earth. Space Scientist Anatoly Blagonravov, head of the Soviet delegation, announced that the Russians intend to aim rockets at both Mars and Venus. Said he: "Instruments brought into the immediate proximity of the surfaces of other planets will permit, in the near future, the solution of one of the mysteries of the world, the existence of life on other planets." Blagonravov did not predict more definitely when the Soviet interplanetary rockets would be launched. But Western scientists pointed out that both planets will be in favorable positions late in 1960, and they have learned not to discount Russian claims in space matters. So the Soviet shots may come soon.

Dr. Joshua Lederberg, Nobel-prize-winning geneticist of Stanford University, doubted that instruments that do not actually land on a planet can determine whether it has life. Even if there are no large, conspicuous plants or animals to see from a distance, the soil may swarm with microscopic creatures, as does the earth. Lederberg suggests equipping an interplanetary probe with a sort of artificial antbear that will stick out a tongue of transparent tape, touch it to the planet's soil, and draw it back again for study by a built-in microscope. The enlarged pictures of dust particles could be transmitted to the earth by radio, should tell whether the soil has exo-organisms in it.

But humans should be cautious about visits to other planets, Lederberg warned. Living microbes introduced from earth might quickly destroy any primitive exo-creatures. Conversely, the first space traveler who returns from Mars or Venus may bring with him fast-multiplying forms of extraterrestrial life. "The introduction of foreign organisms," said Lederberg, "might have disastrous consequences to our health, agriculture, economy or comfort." He urged that all humans landed on foreign planets be quarantined there until they are sure that no exo-pestilence will ride with them back to the earth.

Other papers demonstrated that the world's spinning satellites and soaring



RUSSIA'S BLAGONRAVOV
Aiming at Mars and Venus.

space rockets are almost weekly reporting new information which raises more questions than it answers.

¶ The course and behavior of the Van Allen belts of radiation that surround the earth is still iffy, reported Iowa's Professor James A. Van Allen, who discovered them. The upper belt, which fluctuates wildly in intensity, is probably made of charged particles coming from the sun. The narrow inner belt, he suspects, contains protons and electrons that are decay products of neutrons created by the impact of cosmic rays hitting atoms in the atmosphere. It has not changed appreciably, he said, during the last two years.

¶ Some of the upper belt's periodic fluctuations can be charged to storms on the sun, which usually last a matter of days. But Drs. Alan Rosen, T. A. Farley and C. P. Sonett of Space Technology Laboratories, Los Angeles, analyzed radioed reports from U.S. satellite Explorer VI. They found that at 30,000 miles above the earth the intensity of the radiation sometimes increased a hundredfold in a few seconds, then dropped back almost as swiftly. They offered no explanation.

¶ The top of the atmosphere, too, is still full of mysteries. Dr. Edward R. Manning of Geophysics Corp. of America reported on a discovery made by Nike-Asp rockets, fired to a height of 140 miles over the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's range at Wallops Island, Va., which were equipped to leave a trail of luminous sodium vapor. Observation of the vapor trails showed that above 80 miles, thin winds from the southwest were blowing at the astounding speed of 600 m.p.h. No cause is known for these incredible winds, but John W. Townsend of NASA conjectured that high, warm winds from the south might be the cause of the sudden warm spells that sometimes occur in the middle of the Northern Hemisphere's winters.



...a hand in things to come

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THE PRESS

The Pencil v. the Lens

Down front at Illinois State Treasurer Joseph Lohman's press conference, the television cameras and flood lamps were already in place, and TV technicians and newsmen had grabbed off many of the choice center seats. Making his way past them, the old reporter from a Chicago daily turned a baleful eye on the electronic newsmen. "Gentlemen," he said scornfully, "Technicians, Mechanics, Overpaid jerks!"

This scene last week gave clear evidence that the decade-old civil war between pencil and TV newsmen is still being fought. Indeed, new broadsides have erupted from California to New York over a new issue: segregation, or separate-but-equal press conferences.

"No Right to Do This." The fresh skirmishing dates roughly from last November, when New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, then still a presidential hopeful, arrived in Los Angeles and called a press conference. As was his policy, said Rockefeller, he would hold two sessions, one for newspapermen and one for the TV cameras. But Los Angeles TV men would have none of that. Vainly protesting Rockefeller's segregation policy, they sat grumpily in on the newspaper conference, and then, when their turn came, walked out en masse, taking their cameras with them.

This month, hostilities broke out anew around California's Governor Edmund G. Brown, who also holds separate conferences. Forced to sit by while the pencil reporters got first crack, Los Angeles TV newsmen staged another walkout—to "Pat" Brown's speakable anguish. "You people have absolutely no right to do this," he cried, "I am the Governor of the state of California, and I have things to say to the people of California." In Massachusetts, Governor Foster Furcolo once carried segregation so far as to answer the same question four times—first for the pencil newsmen and then for each of Boston's three commercial TV stations.

Nothing for Background. The pencil newsmen tend to regard their TV colleagues as upstarts who know little more about journalism than how to plug a cable into a socket. The newsmen resent being forced to feed their best questions to the TV competition, and they feel strongly that the camera's presence spoils the essential informality of press conferences. How can a news source say, "Now, if I may explain for your background," when microphones are open and cameras are grinding?

On their side, the TV men, many of them able newsmen, claim equal right to first crack at the news, and charge that dual press conferences may be separate but they can never be equal. Said Coy Watson, news director for Sacramento's KCRA-TV: "News is only news once." Fortnight ago all three major TV net-

works—NBC, CBS and ABC—announced that their men would no longer appear at separate conferences scheduled for TV by the Governors of New York and California, but they would send pencil reporters to the press conferences and leave the cameras at home.

Just a Performance. Paradoxically, the battle forces get along best where the provocation is greatest—in Washington, where press conferences come as thick as Congressmen. President Eisenhower established his own pattern early in his presidency by inviting all accredited comers, TV and pencil newsmen alike, to his news conferences. On the other hand,



PAPA ET LA PRESSE

The expectant journalists barely survived.



MAMAN ET FILS

Paris-Match

Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn will not let TV men cover House hearings, and bars them from his own press conferences. For space reasons, Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty keeps TV cameras out of regular briefings in his crowded office, but when he has a visitor he wants to "sponsor"—as the White House press corps puts it—he sets up a special show for TV. Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson grants TV newsmen only a brief audience after his regular press conference, insists that they submit their questions in advance and explodes if they try to ring in an ad-libbed query. The complaisant Capitol press corps, long used to the ways of Washington procedure, accepts all these arrangements without fuss.

Washington has at least faced the fact of life: the TV camera is here to stay. But accepting that fact is not easy for old pencil men. Says Louis Lyons, curator of the Nieman Foundation, a one-time newspaperman and now a TV man: "With TV cameras, it becomes a performance, not a real press conference."

Frenchmen at Work

Early one morning last week, a blonde, 25-year-old Parisienne, whose married name is Mme. Jacques Charrier and who works for the movies, was delivered of a healthy, blue-eyed, 7-lb. baby boy. Long before Nicholas Jacques Charrier entered Paris, the French press, excited beyond endurance—and reason—turned his mother's accouchement into the biggest story since the ascendancy of Charles de Gaulle.

Not since last summer, when a reporter spotted a suspicious equatorial rotundity in French Film Star Brigitte Bardot, have the French papers given her approaching term much less than millennium treatment. For a while, confronted with testy denials of her pregnancy, the papers

played the story almost as placidly as they did President Eisenhower's tour and the trouble in Algeria. But by mid-December they could contain themselves no more.

Newsmen set up a melee, some 300 at full battle strength, around the Charrier apartment at 71 Avenue Paul-Doumer. Barred from audiences with the expectant mother, the reporters let their fancy roam. She was sneaking out of the back door daily in a wig (*France-Dimanche*). She was missing, perhaps "hiding at her grandmother's" (*Paris-Presse*). She was not missing (*Paris-Jour*).

When the expectant father was drafted by the French army, the press was equally interested—and equally confused. He landed in the infirmary with eye trouble (said *Paris-Presse*), with nervous trouble (said *Le Figaro*), with knee trouble (said he). Brigitte herself wrote a letter to *Figaro* deplored the "bad taste" with which it handled her husband's problem, closing her letter with "*Je vous méprise [I despise you]*." She changed obstetricians after the first one complained that the press would interfere with his



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work. One camera-laden photographer was surprised on her roof.

After the big event, the resignation of Finance Minister Antoine Pinay (*see Foreign News*) was bumped into second position to make room for frantic conflicting accounts of the Bardot issue: "blue eyes and black hair" (*Le Figaro*); "blue eyes and brown hair" (*Paris-Press*), "brown hair and yellow eyes" (Brigitte's secretary). Afterward, as the spent corps converged on the Royal Passy Café near Brigitte's home, where Papa Charrier was serving champagne, two newsmen collapsed from exhaustion and someone poured beer over their heads. With cruel disregard for the photographers who had camped on her doorstep so long, Brigitte waited two days and then handed out four pictures of herself and her son taken by an amateur.

Then, save for one or two disgruntled voices, e.g., *Le Monde*, which gave the birth a last-page yawn, the French press turned eagerly to the story's next chapter: full-page horoscope readings on Nicholas Jacques. "He'll be tough and aggressive" (*Ici*). "He'll take up art or literature" (*France-Dimanche*). "He'll be the first man on the moon" (*Paris-Jour*).

Hot Irons in Germany

Each Tuesday, as regularly as Black Forest clockwork, West Germany's 40,000 newsstands burst into gaudy bloom. Millions of West Germans have been waiting for the display. For 50 pfennigs (about 12¢) a copy, they snatch up their choice of ten *Illustrierte*—illustrated magazines—whose covers range over almost everything a girl has to offer. Last week, for example, eye-filling young ladies smiled or pouted from all but two of the ten covers. Inside them all, readers found just about the same fare: simplified politics, spicy private lives of film starlets, newsreel-like flashes of current events, all well baited with pinup art. West Germans find this dish so tasty that they have made the *Illustrierte* West Germany's most competitive and fastest-growing journalistic field.

Outside West Germany, no parallel exists for this phenomenal postwar proliferation of picture magazines. The largest, Henri Nannen's *Stern* (Star), published in Hamburg, sells more than 1,400,000 copies, has just recently splashed past Munich's *Quick* (1,300,000) and *Revue* (1,100,000). West Germans buy some 8,000,000 *Illustrierte* each week, and a unique recirculation device, *Die Lesezirkel* (the reading circle), whose members buy recirculated magazines by the package, assures a readership well beyond that. Editor Nannen claims that *Stern* eventually sheds its garish light on 12 million.

Hitler's Mustache. A one-time radio scriptwriter and art magazine editor, Nannen got into the *Illustrierte* field after World War II. He had a tradition to follow. *Die Gartenlaube* (the Garden Bowery) blazed the trail in the 19th century with steel engravings; before World War II *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung* reached a circulation of 1,500,000. With this kind of audience in mind, Nannen founded



Conf.—Press

"*Stern's*" NANNEN
An adroit mixture of sex and politics.

Stern in 1948, settled on an adroit mixture of sex and politics, and generated a hungry brood of copycats—*Quick*, *Revue*, *Kristall*, *Weltbild*, *Neue Illustrierte*, *Bunte Deutsche Illustrierte*.

So many of them ran glorified German war memoirs, after Nannen's model, that scornful Germans attached the same label to all such articles: "I Was Hitler's Mustache." But few imitators have cared to follow Nannen's bold and often perilous excursions into the borderlands of libel and government abuse. In 1951 allied authorities banned *Stern* for two weeks after the magazine charged mismanagement of German tax money. But when the German government confirmed the accuracy of these charges and the ban was lifted, circulation jumped 180,000 in a single issue. Nannen has also opposed reunification of Germany on the ground that West Germans do not want it ("It would cost them money and sleep").

Fasst Heisse Eisen An. "Fast-moving, 46-year-old Henri Nannen, tooling around Hamburg in a Mercedes 300SL sports car whose doors unfurl like butterfly wings, boasts that *Stern "fasst heisse Eisen an"*—grasps hot irons: "We attack abuse of authority, attack bureaucracy—that's new in traditionally obedient Germany." Such attacks are balanced with forays on privacy: the magazine is now serializing a bedroom Baedeker on budding movie queens ("How hard and merciless is the way to the top").

Other picture magazines play variations on the Nannen themes, but the differences are usually imperceptible. This makes it hard to explain why *Stern* is first in the *Illustrierte* sweepstakes, a mystery one also ran has solved with the invidious remark that "Nannen has the sort of hysterical temperament it takes to run an illustrated." Some German journalists argue that that is also what it takes to read one.



CREW EDUCATION in operational procedure includes rundown on Navigation Control Console and NAVDAC — Sperry computer which cross-checks a dozen systems, compares references, records speeds, integrates all data for precise positioning of submarine.

POSSIBLE LAUNCH-SITE: UNDER THE ARCTIC ICE-PACK. Nuclear subs will be able to stay submerged, navigate for months without refueling, launch Polaris under water. Range places new demands on navigational resources and capabilities.



FULL-SCALE SUB SIMULATOR duplicates complex navigational equipment that will guide actual Polaris submarines. To fit systems in restricted space, everything from cabling to 62-ton Gyroscopic Stabilizer must be "engineered" into the hull.

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THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY of Sperry Marine Division

The Navy's goal of "Seapower for Peace" is nearer with each step towards operational capability of the new missile-carrying submarines. When armed with Polaris missiles, these subs will represent an unprecedented counter-punch capable of reaching targets 1200 miles away, from anywhere in the world's oceans.

The Polaris concept places critical demands on the art of navigation. A single degree of error can result in a 17-mile error in a thousand-mile range. To Sperry's Marine Division—appointed by the Navy to Navigation Systems Management of

the newest class of Polaris submarines—is assigned the job of assuring highest possible system accuracy.

Working with the Navy's Polaris experts, Sperry engineers are installing, operating and evaluating instruments and systems for the Polaris at Sperry's "Navigation Island"—a shore-based replica of the navigation center in the Polaris submarines. Here installation and operating problems and techniques, maneuvers, emergencies, even the stars for celestial navigation, are "shot" under realistic conditions.

One system is Sperry's NAVDAC (Navigation Data Assimilation Center)—a computer which analyzes information fed to it from the navigation equipment that will eventually position the Polaris

subs for missile firing. Basic to a number of the subs is Sperry SINS (Ship's Inertial Navigation System) equipment. These and other advanced systems are being evaluated and refined.

With the Navy's foresight in "interlocking" all aspects of the Polaris program . . . and with the cooperation of the many leading industries which are contributing . . . the Polaris sub will soon be operational. Marine Division, Sperry Gyroscope Company, Division of Sperry Rand Corp., Syosset, New York.

SPERRY

SHOW BUSINESS

RADIO

WBAI in the Sky

When Manhattan Chemical Engineer Louis Schweitzer gave away his \$200,000 FM station last year, he did so, he said, because it was threatening to become a commercial success. The December 1958 newspaper strike had brought so many advertisers and so much advertiser interference to New York's WBAI that Schweitzer had to scramble for a way to preserve his programming ideal: "Free radio."

Last week WBAI-FM began broadcasting under new ownership—California's Pacifica Foundation—and Donor Schweitzer's ideal was getting a good run for his money. The station's program is crowded with excellent music, also makes room for

do *Twelfth Night*. Next week WBAI will play a tape, made in Europe last summer at the Bayreuth Festival, of an uncut (close to five hours) performance of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*.

No. 1 Volunteer. Like Pacifica's other two radio stations (San Francisco's ten-year-old KPFK and Los Angeles' six-month-old KPFK), New York's WBAI now operates entirely without commercials, depends on listener contributions to meet its expenses. With a basic subscription of \$12, Pacifica has 7,500 contributors in San Francisco; 5,000 have already joined up in Los Angeles. At week's end, after seven days as a noncommercial station, WBAI had 700 subscribers.

The No. 1 subscriber was Louis Schweitzer himself, who was also serving as unsalaried manager. The station could hardly have more fond attention. Schweitzer, one of three brothers in a firm that makes specialty papers (it merged in 1957 with Kimberly-Clark), keeps a G.E. transmitter tube on his desk because he considers it beautiful, has been an active ham operator since 1914.

Cab & Gondola. At 60, Russian-born Louis Schweitzer sits atop a colorful legend, built by spending his money both wisely and well. He married Broadway Actress Lucille Lortel in 1931, gave her off-Broadway's Theater de Lys for a 24th anniversary present (*The Threepenny Opera* has been running there since 1955); earlier he had built the White Barn Theater in Westport, Conn. To help himself and his wife get around the city, he bought a Mercedes-Benz 100, had it equipped with a meter and a rooftop light, coughed up another \$17,000 for a hackie's license and medalion. Then he hired a driver who ferries the Schweitzers around and spends the rest of his time hacking on his own (he and the boss split the fares fifty-fifty, giving the cabbie 5% more than he would ordinarily get). The driver, whose name was noticed by a Schweitzer employee on her way to work, is also Louis Schweitzer.

In Venice, a gondolier named Bruno is as happy as the New York cabbie; Schweitzer owns his gondola. A Manhattan barber was full of apologies one evening a year ago when his bald client asked to have his fringe trimmed at 6 p.m. The union would not allow the barber to stay that late. Schweitzer now owns the barbershop in the Chrysler Building, where the barber ("He's also my psychiatrist, the only man I tell my troubles to") is now a full operating partner, hence free from union regulations.

Massive, jowly, with an agreeable appearance that could help him pass for Mr. Clean's father, Schweitzer is playfully vain. Asked for his picture, he supplies one of himself at the age of one year (see cut), says: "I was bald then and I'm bald now." His dome will be familiar around WBAI for only one month, and then he will leave the station entirely to Pacifica, "I have to keep a free hand," he said last week, "so I can do new things."

TELEVISION

One-Man Telephone Hour

For an hour on NBC last week, Actor Art Carney kept dialing telephone numbers, bugging long-distance operators, playing the sole part in a TV play about a sinking alcoholic. Desperately using the phone as a lifeline to the real world, he talked to his ex-wife, his daughter, his new fiancée and some old friends; he drank and wept, offered the drunk's typical, hopeless apologies, made glib cracks, and laughed with the sound of wind crossing a row of empty bottles. *Call Me Back*, a creditable but excessively mauldin first TV drama by Gagwriter Tony Webster, helped Art Carney add a superbly handled tour de force to his impressive list of acting credits.

As Carney got more and more sogneged, the recognizable and disturbing out-



LOUIS SCHWEITZER
Cute as ever.

viewpoints that would make many a network executive's brush cut burst into flame.

Listeners last week heard Sexologist Albert Ellis give highly unconventional advice on marital and premarital relations. Two days running, Marxist Herbert Aptheker had the chance to speak his mind. But sex and sickles were only a small part of WBAI's offering. A fine panel discussion tied up "Payola and Mental Poverty" in broadcasting, a series of two-hour lectures began on "The History of Music," and other shows looked into fields that varied from "The Art of Clifford Still" to "The Death of a Wombat."

One principal source of material for WBAI is the British Broadcasting Co.'s famed, culture-heavy Third Programme, which rents records of its shows to the foundation for \$1 a disk. This week Gilbert and Sullivan fans can hear a BBC D'Oyly Carte broadcast of *Patience*, and Shakespeareans will hear Stratford-on-Avon's Shakespeare Memorial Theater company



ART CARNEY
Deft as usual.

lines of the character's burnt-out marriage, his homesickness for his child, and the utter failure of his career gave the story a kind of horrifying substance—when it was not interrupted by commercials, which brutally smashed the play's mood.

The grim wisecracks, masking solitude and self-pity, kept pouring the bourbon. The best thing about his funeral, said Carney, would be the hernia his best friend would get carrying the casket. He called the friend's wife, told her to caution her husband not to say "funeralwise" at the service. Falling to pieces, he asked the operator to try Dr. Albert Schweitzer in French Equatorial Africa to see if he would make a house call. Opening a phial of sleeping pills, he named each one as he swallowed it: Little Red Riding Hood, Hansel, Gretel, the Three Bears. Toasting all the friends he never called back on the telephone, he turned the phial bottoms up and swallowed the rest of his life.

If the play seemed to be a sort of indirect, 1960 temperance lecture linking



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the arms of Carry Nation and Sigmund Freud, 41-year-old Arthur William Matthew Carney was a good man to give it. An ex-alcoholic, he has solved the problem himself.

Voila!

On *Hedda Hopper's Hollywood* (NBC), last week, actress Marion Davies, "who usually looks a beat 65," appeared as a creamy blonde "25-year-old doll," reported San Francisco *Chronicle* columnist Terrence O'Flaherty. How was it done? "A strip of strong, finely woven net is glued along the temple and down almost to the middle of the ear. Tiny hooks are secured to the lace and then the face is made up, hiding everything . . . Rubber bands are looped over the hooks and tied together on top of the head. The tighter the tie, the less the skin dangles at the chin line. The hair is combed back over the rubbers and voila! Madame is a chick once more."

OFF BROADWAY

"Who Said Snow?"

A New England prep-school English teacher, seeing a performance of Jack Gelber's *The Connection* (at off-Broadway's Living Theater), called the play "ferment in the armpit of society." The *New York Times* called it "a farrago of dirt." But Critic Henry Hewes of the *Saturday Review* decided that it is "the most original piece of new American playwriting in a long, long time." Playwright Lillian Hellman said it is "the only play I've been able to sit through for years."

The Connection is all about drug addicts, and it has a sporadic, hypodermic sort of distinction. The junkies sit in a pad impatiently waiting, but for nothing so vague as Godot; they wait for their "connection" and the heroin he will bring. They numb the hall with torpor, draw beads on the audience with four-letter words, pick their eyes, ears, nails and noses, and squeeze the "green stuff" out of a boil on one man's neck. They trade hip remarks: "I don't have any marijuana, but how quaint of you to ask." Says a Negro junky: "We live in a white society. Did you ever see black snow?" Another addict springs upstage smelling a fix. "Who said snow?" From time to time, a jazz combo breaks into sound, underscores the crying paralysis of the junkies' willing suspension of life.

Needle Stab. After the fashion of Pirandello, Author Gelber takes an ax to the footlights, tries to smash all barriers between the play and its audience. Two characters in *The Connection* are moviemakers doing an avant-garde film of the supposedly real junkies in their pad, and another is the "author," who loses control of his characters, gets a fix himself and falls in drugged stupor while the actors continue on their own. One actor gestures toward a couple in the audience, says that there are other addicts, "people who worry so much—aspirin addicts, chlorophyll addicts"—hooked worse than me." From the audience, a voice mur-

murs over and over: "That's the way it is, man. That's the way it really is."

The play makes a needle stab at philosophy and theology. "If man is transparent," one hopped wonders, "like how do you account for his shadow?" Another junky sagely says that there isn't any Big Connection ("I am your man if you come to me. You are my man if I go to you"). And when the connection finally arrives, he is a Christlike Negro all in white, with empathy even for squares.

"Swing, Baby." Despite its first newspaper notices, *The Connection* has been running for six months and is going strong. The weekly reviewers helped save the play, but it actually owes its survival to the fact that it was staged by a determined repertory company known as the Living Theater, managed since 1951

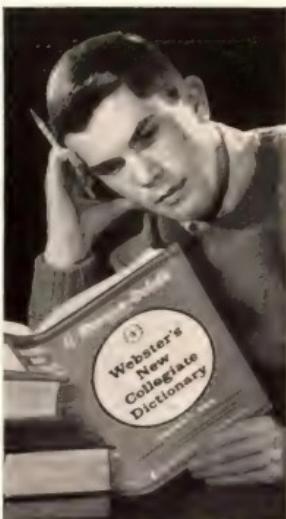


John E. Wolf
SCENE FROM "THE CONNECTION"
Others are hooked on aspirin.

by Julian Beck, 34, and his wife Judith Malina, 33. So far, Living Theater has produced some 18 plays, half new, half old, all experimental in their time—Strindberg's *The Spook Sonata*, Gertrude Stein's *Doctor Faustus Lights the Lights*, Pirandello's *Tonight We Improvise*, which now alternates with *Connection*.

Playwright Jack Gelber, 27, who freely admits he has used every drug from heroin to peyote, is ultimately unsuccessful and self-conscious in his assault on theatrical illusion. But if *The Connection* and other Living Theater productions have perhaps earned more praise than they deserve, it is because critics with an eye on the future are recognizing that the group is hunting for new ways and forms. "I'm trying to sell an idea," says one character in *The Connection*. "What's so immoral about that?" Then he adds: "Swing, baby," and in its own odd way, Living Theater swings.

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MEDICINE

Man & His Itches

Among the minor ills that bring discomfort to man, few are so persistent or so hard to treat as fungus infections—the cause of ringworm (including the stubborn ringworm of the nails), barber's itch, athlete's foot, and jockstrap itch. Last week 300 specialists in fungus infections, convened in Manhattan under auspices of the New York Academy of Sciences, agreed that 1950 had marked a turning point in the history of man and his itches: a new antibiotic, griseofulvin (extracted from a *Penicillium* species

deep-seated fungal infections. In all but one it failed. The exception was sporotrichosis, in which *Sporotrichum schenckii* attacks the lymph nodes and often causes hidden ulcers. In his first two patients treated with griseofulvin, he found the antibiotic as effective as the conventional potassium iodide treatment. Dr. González-Ochoa's conclusion: the idea that griseofulvin is useful only against surface infections is too glib; it should also be tested against internal fungal infections, for some of which no cure is now known.

Cooling the Hot Staph

Almost as fast as new antibiotics are marketed, there evolve a few strains of disease-causing microbes that are resistant to the most potent germ killers. Recently, thanks largely to overuse and outright abuse of favorite antibiotics—especially penicillin—it has seemed that medical scientists were fighting a losing battle (TIME, March 24, 1958 *et seq.*). Now British researchers report that the microbes' advance can be checked by rigorously restricting the use of common antibiotics, and imposing the strictest discipline on doctors and nurses.

The enemy in this case (as in most U.S. outbreaks of in-hospital infection) were resistant strains of the common *Staphylococcus aureus*, usually found in boils and infected wounds. Scene of the counterattack was London's huge Hammersmith Hospital. By late 1957 no less than 88% of *Staph aureus* cultures there were resistant to penicillin, 82% to tetracycline, and 70% were immune to attack by a combination of the two drugs. Then Dr. Mary Barber, 48, a topflight bedside bacteriologist, and her anti-staph team went into action.

On seven wards they put an outright ban on all the most cherished antibiotics (penicillin, streptomycin, three tetracyclines, chloramphenicol, erythromycin and novobiocin) unless the doctors could show that one of these drugs was unquestionably the best for the patient's disease. Then they had to give their first-choice antibiotic in combination with a second, to cut down the microbes' chance to develop resistance. Penicillin, as the drug previously most abused, was put under special restrictions: on some wards it could not be given at all, and when used, it had to be injected on a side ward—and from a cartridge syringe to keep it from being sprayed into the air.

Reduction in the overall number of staph infections picked up by patients after they got to the hospital was slight. Dr. Barber concedes in the *British Medical Journal*, but in little more than a year two notable gains were chalked up: the severity of the infections declined, and the proportion of staph infections that could be knocked out with penicillin and tetracycline increased dramatically. In general, though no hard and fast conclusion could be drawn, resistance and virulence went together; the more vul-



Martha Holmes

DERMATOPHYTOLOGIST AJELLO
What of the enemy under the skin?

closely related to the source of penicillin), is the best remedy so far discovered for fungus infections that obligingly concretes on the body's outer surfaces.

Around the world there are dozens of fungi that infect man, animals or the soil, reported the U.S. Public Health Service's Dr. Libero Ajello, and their distribution changed radically during World War II. Species that had been confined to the Asian and Australasian tropics found new hosts in U.S. servicemen on Pacific duty, and Korean orphans carried one species to Europe. Dermatophytology (the study of fungi that infect the skin) may give a valuable assist to anthropology. Dr. Ajello suggested, because a variety prevalent in eastern Asia occurs also among Central American Indians, supporting the theory of an eastward migration to the Americas.

While griseofulvin, taken by mouth, has proved remarkably successful against external fungal infections, most researchers have reported it useless against internal (systemic) infections. Mexico's Dr. Antonio González-Ochoa worried about this, tried griseofulvin against several



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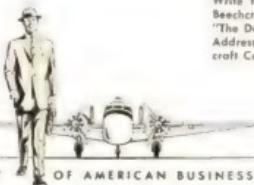
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nervous microbes, which became predominant as the study progressed, also caused less severe disease.

Physicians have long suspected that drastic measures like the code of Hammersmith might halt the advance of resistant "hot" staph, but no such sweeping trial (involving 452 staph infections in 5,330 patients) had been made before. The Hammersmith team concludes confidently that by these means, along with old-fashioned hygiene, antisepsis and asepsis can be checked.

Smoking & Cancer (Contd.)

After years of bombarding each other with flat denials and unflattering recriminations, the two sides in the smoking-and-lung-cancer controversy came close to sense-making agreement last week. Previously, evidence has usually been offered at one-sided meetings—either by those who indict heavy cigarette smoking as the principal cause or by those who put the blame for lung cancer's explosive increase on general atmospheric pollution. Last week authorities from both schools in San Francisco under auspices of the University of California's Tobacco Industry Research Committee put up \$28,000 toward expenses.

A New Zealand general practitioner, Dr. David F. Eastcott, might have been speaking for nearly everyone present when he declared: "The incidence of lung cancer is complexly determined and cannot be related solely or principally to a single factor. Tobacco smoking plays a part. Atmospheric pollution plays a part." Trouble is, he complained, that the evidence incriminating heavy cigarette smoking is "compact" (and hence easily grasped), while that indicting air pollution is diverse and various.

Dark Satanic Mills. In the Down-Under dominion's heavily industrial Hunt Valley (pop. 80,000), Dr. Eastcott found conditions for his inquiry as neatly laid out as in a laboratory experiment. By excluding Maoris, he dealt with people almost entirely of British extraction. Under socialized medicine, all got the same health care. Their smoking habits were essentially the same. All were living where the wind is strong and almost continuous, so that air pollution is negligible. But some had been born and raised there, while others were immigrants who had spent the first part of their lives in smoke-shrouded Britain.

The death rate from lung cancer among both men and women, Dr. Eastcott found, was 30% higher among the British-born, and 75% higher among those who emigrated to New Zealand after age 30. No such discrepancy appeared with cancer in other parts of the body. Moreover, though New Zealanders (native and immigrant alike) smoke even more heavily than stay-at-home Britons, the dominion's lung-cancer death rate is still lower than the old country's. Concluded Dr. Eastcott: "Something happens to the Britisher in his native environment that increases his susceptibility to lung cancer . . . I regard



Ken McLaughlin—San Francisco Chronicle

NEW ZEALAND'S DR. EASTCOTT

At last, some clearing of the air. this as the long shadow of those dark Satanic mills."

Public & Personal. Most surprising was the extent to which the University of Southern California's Dr. Paul Kotin agreed. Previously, Pathologist Kotin had minimized the importance of smoking, emphasized public air pollution. This time, though he piled up more scientific data to convict public air pollution, Dr. Kotin also plumped for multiple causation. He doubted, he said, that heavy cigarette smoking or "personal air pollution" plays a "primary role" in causing lung cancer, but he granted that it may be guilty as a fellow criminal. The researchers still differed in their theories of sequence: Dr. Eastcott thought British air pollution sets the stage for smoking to damage the lungs and perhaps lead to cancer, while Dr. Kotin thought smoking sets the stage for the air pollution villain.

Conference participants also moved to clear up two other seeming contradictions which have bedeviled the years-long research. Why is it that, with Americans smoking about as many cigarettes as Britons, and at least some U.S. cities having air pollution as bad as many of Britain's, the lung-cancer death rate is markedly higher in Britain than in the U.S.? One factor is obvious but too often overlooked," said London's Dr. Patrick Lawther: U.S. pollution is mainly industrial, whereas Britain's comes largely from the burning of soft (bituminous) coal in open grates. And the castle that is every Englishman's home discharges the heavy resulting soot into the air near lung level from low chimneys. As for the difference in lung-cancer death rates between men and women (which the tobacco industry maintains is far greater than the difference in their cigarette consumption), the American Cancer Society's Dr. E. Cuylar Hammond suggested that men are more exposed to industrial fumes and dusts.

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MUSIC

Dazzling Dutchman

When he was 26, Richard Wagner, with his wife Minna and his dog Robber, boarded a small (100-ton) Prussian-owned vessel and set sail from Pillau for London. The stormy passage that followed took more than three weeks instead of the customary eight days, and the superstitious crew angrily blamed Wagner and his wife for their bad luck. From the experience of that voyage Wagner conceived his opera *The Flying Dutchman*, which was never popular in Wagner's own lifetime, has met with varying luck ever since. Last week, after an absence of nine years, it appeared on the stage of Man-

sacrificing heroine who in characteristic Wagnerian style must die to secure the redemption of her lover. Her singing in the usually static second act was superb; her soprano rose and fell around London's steady tone, shot off in bursts of color, swooned and sighed with a purity that had the audience breathless. It was the finest Senta in Metropolitan memory—and one of the finest performances in Vienna-born Soprano Rysanek's distinguished career.

Anti-Tonal Stravinsky

"I am becoming," said 77-year-old Igor Stravinsky, "not less but more of a serial composer." The reference was to his latest work, a twelve-minute exercise in what the most famed living composer calls "anti-tonality." Titled *Movements for Piano and Orchestra*, the work had its world première last week in Manhattan's Town Hall before an audience that was attentive and respectful, and unmoved.

Stravinsky has experimented more and more daringly in recent years with the serial or tone-row technique developed by his late great rival, Arnold Schoenberg (this technique is built on a freely selected series of individual tones rather than on the limited, key-oriented diatonic scale). But Stravinsky has added some of his own style to the serial method. In his book, *Conversations with Igor Stravinsky* (Doubleday; \$4), Conductor Robert Craft sketched visual projections of musical styles from the simplicity of plain chant via the sound spirals of Atonalist Anton Webern to the newer serialists. Then Stravinsky added his own sketch of his own recent music (*see cut*). The knobs in the sketch stand for notes, suggest that Stravinsky wants all notes to be heard and considers them more important than do other serial composers, who care more about dynamics and instrumental colors: the leanness of the diagram suggests thinner, simpler orchestration. Says he: "Those younger composers who already claim to have gone beyond, to have exhausted serialism are, I think, making a great mistake."

Of *Movements*, Stravinsky adds: "Every aspect of the composition was guided

by the forms of the series—the sixes, the quadrilaterals, the triangles . . . The listener has to get down and look up through the series, so to speak." Scored for a moderate-sized orchestra and piano (expertly played at the première by Margrit Weber), the piece has no continuity in the normal sense. A lean nervous composition, it proceeds in jagged skips and jumps. Its impetus derives from its rhythms—erotic, erratic and often as arresting as a movie played at constantly shifting speeds. "One does not find it a memorable experience—at least not yet," wrote the New York *Times*'s Howard Taubman cautiously. "The trouble may be with the backward listener." A more likely explanation: in his increasing concern with structure, Stravinsky may be losing sight of what he is trying to say.



Walter Ballou

RYSANEK & LONDON
Swoons, sighs and demons.

hattan's Metropolitan Opera House—and provided General Manager Rudolf Bing with one of the surprise hits of the season.

The Met's *Dutchman* was not a new production: it used the spectacular, old-fashioned sets done by Charles Elson in 1950. Musically, the production was markedly better than nine years ago. The early-Wagner score—shot through with popular Italian and French influences—was rousingly conducted by 20-year-old Thomas Schippers. In the role of the Dutchman (equated by Wagner with both Odysseus and the Wandering Jew) Baritone George London was convincingly demon-ridden, his voice fresh, passionate but controlled. In the comparatively minor role of Daland, the Norse sea captain, Bass Giorgio Tozzi—convincingly costumed in turtle-neck sweater jacket and boots—sang with warm-timbred verve, while Tenor Karl Liebl turned in his best performance of the season as the huntsman Erik. But the real standout of a standout cast was Soprano Leonie Rysanek in the role of Senta, the self-

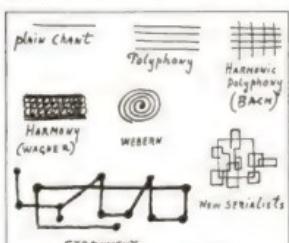


SOPRANO PILARCZYK & CONQUEST
Sadism, masochism and murder.

Period Piece

The young man was pouring out his love to the girl in accents of passion. Did he know, asked the girl, that she had poisoned his mother? He did not. But he remembered, of course, that she had shot his father dead in that same room not six months before. Did that alter his feelings? It did not. At scene's end, the happy couple sprawled in warm embrace while the young lady mused: "Is this the same divan where your father bled to death?"

The girl, by all odds the most fatal *femme fatale* in all opera, is the heroine of Alban Berg's *Lulu*. Left uncompleted at Composer Berg's death in 1935, *Lulu* has one of the most difficult scores (twelve-tone) and the most sordid libretto ever written. It is a kind of nightmarish perversion of *fin de siècle* German romanticism: its subject matter includes sadism, narcissism, incest, homosexuality, masochism and murder. Counting its Zurich première in 1937, it has been staged only six times. The Frankfurt Opera is

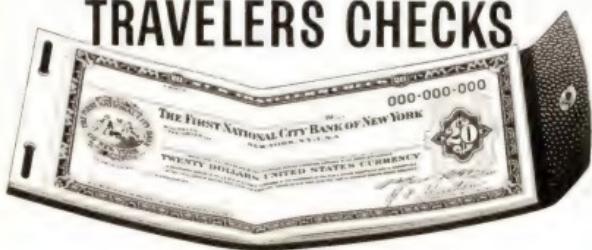


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now giving *Lulu* its seventh production, and probably its best.

Contradictory Feminine. Berg based his tortured opera on two plays (*Erdgeist* and *Die Büchse der Pandora*) by erotic, tormented Frank Wedekind (1864-1918). In German Playwright Wedekind's mind—and in Berg's—Lulu is an amalgam of all the contradictory feminine instincts: she is innocent and worldly, timid and rapacious, sentimental and heartless. Before the garishly painted curtain rises on a circus ring, a ringmaster invites the audience to witness the spectacle of the human circus, then calls: "Bring in our snake." In comes an assistant carrying Lulu, dressed in long black stockings and a close-fitting satin corset.

In subsequent acts her painter-lover cuts his throat when he learns of Lulu's sordid past. Then an elderly lecher marries her; when he discovers her trysting with his son, he offers her a gun to commit suicide and is promptly shot dead himself. Lulu is smuggled out of prison by another of her lovers, Countess Geschwitz, who fools the authorities by changing clothes with Lulu and taking her place ("Now," muses the ungrateful Lulu, "the poor monster sits in prison instead of me"). Lulu decamps to Paris, philanders with gamblers, procurers and swindlers. The end comes in a sordid London garret, where Lulu, now a common prostitute, makes the mistake of bringing home Jack the Ripper and is disemboweled by him.

Lyrical Lositude. The Frankfurt production is properly corrosive. Designer Teo Otto uses a garish circus scene throughout the opera, changes scenes merely by changing the props. In the Paris sequence, Otto projects Lulu's progress on huge screen, in drawings recalling Toulouse-Lautrec; the last one shows Lulu standing naked with black handprints all over her body. Conductor Georg Solti leads his cast and huge orchestra with deft skill, and at each performance Soprano Helga Pilarczyk scores triumphs in the fiendishly difficult title role.

The score of *Lulu* is still formidable, impressive and amazingly exact in indicating the composer's intentions. The orchestra squirms morbidly in the first half, almost as if playing without direction, but the second half achieves a kind of romantic, lyrical lassitude. The opera bristles with an immense variety of forms: a sonata represents the elderly lecher, a rondo suggests his son, ragtime gives way to an English waltz.

The opera's biggest failing is that it never makes clear the source of Lulu's deadly charm, and the audience is unable to sympathize with her or her victims. At several points, e.g., when an elderly butler confesses in an aside that he himself is smitten with Lulu, the spectators usually break into titters. Musically more advanced than Berg's only other opera, *Wozzeck* (TIME, March 16), *Lulu* has little of *Wozzeck's* compelling dramatic power. Remarkably, only 25 years after its première, the most experimental opera of one of the century's most experimental composers plays like a period piece.



He conquered the Rockies for an Empire Builder

Seventy years ago a 36-year-old civil engineer battled a roaring blizzard in 40 below zero weather to explore an elusive pass in the Rocky Mountains of northern Montana. This epic of human courage proved the passage existed and opened the way for Great Northern's low-level route between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean.

John F. Stevens was determined to fulfill successfully an assignment from a man he never had seen—James J. Hill, the budding empire builder, who was confident that a low pass suitable for his Great Northern tracks across the formidable Rockies existed along the Continental Divide less than 100 miles south of Canada. Maps showed a Marias Pass in this region, but there were no records that white men had explored it. Meriwether Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition vainly sought the pass and gave it its name in 1806.

Snow was already deep in the Rockies when Engineer Stevens took the job of locating the fabled pass. Factual information on the mountainous region was slim, and illness of his Indian guide forced Col. Stevens

to alone make his successful reconnaissance of the Continental Divide on that bitterly cold and blizzardy winter day.

The doughy engineer's conquering of the Rockies gave Great Northern the lowest rail crossing of the Continental Divide in the United States north of New Mexico. Marias Pass is only 5,213 feet above sea level—an extremely low-altitude route through which Great Northern passenger and freight trains surmount the Montana Rockies with time-saving ease.



**GREAT NORTHERN
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ART



"200 FISHERMEN AT SOUTH BAY" (HONG KONG)

Sidewalk Superintendent

Eleven years ago Dong Kingman confessed that he often dreamed of Hong Kong, his boyhood home, and that he would like to go back and "see if the dream is right." An around-the-world lecture tour sponsored by the State Department gave Artist Kingman his first opportunity, and increasing financial success has enabled him to repeat parts of the trip each year with his pretty wife. While his wife saw the sights, Kingman sat painting waterfronts in Hong Kong, sidewalk scenes in Rome, Paris and London. The fruits of his fun are on view at Manhattan's Wildenstein Gallery this week, were very like happy dreams luminous, lighthearted, and full of surprising juxtapositions.

Even in a boom season, Kingman's success is phenomenal. A London exhibition last fall delighted the critics, and a Paris show is planned for the spring. With works in 50 odd American museums and a minimum guarantee from his gallery, Kingman sits on top of the world. Capping his pleasure is the fact that there have been times when the world seemed to lie sitting on top of him. The son of a Chinese store owner, he studied painting in Hong Kong, moved to the U.S. at 18, worked as a houseboy, cook and factory hand. The WPA art program started him on his long, steep climb from the gaudy obscurity of San Francisco's Chinatown.

Passionately fond of city life, Kingman now lives in the heart of Manhattan, constantly prowls its streets with sketch



DONG KINGMAN

pad in hand. "I feel I am learning to draw," he says with his habitual smile of polite delight. "Maybe when I get to be an old man and can't get around so well, I'll be able to do more things from imagination."

Actually, Kingman uses his imagination to people his real scenes with creatures never seen on land or sea, some grasshug and others building-high. "A big man," says Kingman, who is 5 ft. 1 in., "perhaps doesn't notice so much difference between large and small. I like to paint people at different levels, and sometimes with wheels under them so they can move about more quickly." He also uses giant faces—single eyes, fantastic animals, and meaningless signs to fill odd corners of his designs with elusive life. This week's show offered, amidst a host of similar fantasies, people on unicycles carrying dumbbells. The dumbbells, Kingman airily explained, "give weight to my painting." Turning serious, he added: "I'm disappointed when people take my work too seriously."

QUIET, PLEASE

I WAS overwhelmed by the onrush and outrage of machine noise on the earth and, oh God, everywhere in the air," explained Morris Graves, and two years ago fled his Seattle home for a quiet place. His new retreat, a manor house in the green Irish hills near Dublin. There he could hear once again the little sounds of nature that are "essential nourishment" for him at 49. But the racket of the U.S. inspired some of the best pictures Graves has made in years.

Elegant and cadaverous, calm and withdrawn behind his beard, Graves does not sputter on reporters' griddles but speaks with sad, cold force. The intense romanticism of his paintings is absent from his public personality. Back in the U.S. for a brief visit last week, he explained that his *Spring with Machine-Age Noises* series was painted in anger before leaving the U.S. For him it represents the noise of "jets, chain saws, freight trains, trucks, bulldozers" sweeping over a grassy patch.

Procession of Sounds in the Night, done in 1943, was an imaginative effort to give shapes

to bodiless little noises, to picture "the creatures you thought might make the sounds you could not identify." The two pictures together seemed to prove what Graves himself denies: that both whispers in the grass and the roaring of machinery can be beautiful, in totally different ways. Vachel Lindsay, an earlier American romantic, once put the point in verse:

I find in the stubble of the new-cut weeds
A whisper and a feasting, all one needs;
The whisper of the strawberries, white and red
Here where the new-cut weeds lie dead.

But I would not walk all alone till I die
Without some life-drunk horns going by.
And up around this apple-earth they come
Blasting the whispers of the morning dumb:
Cars in a plain realistic row,
And fair dreams fade
When the raw horns blow.



MORRIS GRAVES

Whitney Gallery



MORRIS GRAVES'S "SPRING WITH MACHINE-AGE NOISES—NO. 3" (1957)

William Wellington



"PROCESSION OF SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT" (1943)

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Complete Coverage. In Everett, Wash., Robert Follis sued his insurance company for the loss in value of his car after someone put an indignant skunk in the back seat and rolled up the windows.

Fed Up. In Manyara, Tanganyika, enraged over a fight with her husband, a woman tried to commit suicide by offering herself to a lion, was airtly dismissed by the lion with a wave of his paw as he continued to munch on a freshly slain zebra.

Hard to Face. In Boston, the city planning board threatened to fire David M. Ross because of his beard, explained: "A beard is associated with beatniks."

34 to 1. In Sydney, Australia, Arthur Sale was arrested after he lost \$36 betting at Randwick race track, grabbed \$1,226 from a bookmaker's bag at the track "on the spur of the moment."

Hounded. In Knoxville, Tenn., Mrs. Nellie Smith, suing for divorce, charged that her husband took his dog to bed with him, ordered her to sleep in another room because she was bothering the dog.

The Naked Truth. In Kampala, Uganda, John Musoke lay down in the street for a nap after too much celebrating one night, awoke next morning to find that someone had stolen every stitch of his clothing.

Weight of Evidence. In Bowling Green, Ky., James England was arrested for burglary after he hired a taxi to haul off the goods he stole from a country club.

The Ticking Clock. In Columbus, women's self-government at Ohio State University netted \$307.14 one night after permitting coeds to stay out beyond curfew at the rate of 1¢ per minute.

Her Beef. In Bakersfield, Calif., Mrs. Vicki Hayes told police that she shot her husband because he preferred his girl friend's steak to her ham.

Vacant. In Fall River, Mass., Frank Medeiros was fined \$175 after he carelessly got into a taxicab at the end of an all-night fling, drove it home himself when he discovered the driver was missing.

Once Upon a Mattress. In Los Angeles, Mrs. Monika Korngold won a divorce after complaining that whenever friends dropped by, her husband put on his pajamas, insisted that she go to bed too.

Plunging In. In Hartford, Conn., notified that convicts were escaping from the county jail, police discovered that Plumbers Thomas Curtin and Anthony Tomkiew, no prisoners, took a short cut over the wall instead of using the gate after finishing a job inside.



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SPORT

Top Man

To find the starting point for his approaches to the high jump, the lean, towering (6 ft., 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 190 lbs.) Negro carefully stepped off 23 foot-lengths to the left of the standard, turned left for 23 more, and marked the spot with tape. Then John Thomas, 18-year-old freshman at Boston University, made seven loping passes before choosing a take-off spot 16 in. out from the bar.

Up in the stands at the Knights of Columbus meet in Boston, fans peered for any lingering signs of Thomas' accident last year, when he caught his left take-off foot in an elevator and was put out of action a bare month after setting the world record of 7 ft., 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. But John Thomas looked as good as ever as he took off from his left, kicked high with his right foot, belly-rolled over the bar, and easily worked his way up to 7 ft., 3 in.

Then Thomas quietly asked the officials to put the bar at 7 ft., 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. He nearly made it. On his second try, he was lying on his back in the foam-rubber pit before the quivering bar followed him down. "My timing has to be straightened up," said John Thomas. But he had proved that he was still the world's finest high jumper.

Bronx Bomber

Gary Gubner of The Bronx is 17 years old and big for his age—6 ft. 2 in., 245 lbs., 50 in. chest. He is also almost too strong for his own good. Last week, at a local indoor high-school meet, they gave him the 12-lb. shot and hustled out of range. Four times in a row the massive senior from De Witt Clinton High School ricocheted his put off the ceiling.

The rules do not allow for a toss that hits anything in flight. So the officials

moved Gary into a bigger gym. First, he banged the ceiling again. Then, paying a little more heed to trajectory, Gary let loose a heave that was clearly headed for the back wall, 65 ft. away, when it crashed into a basketball backboard 54 ft. out, at a spot 12 ft. off the floor.

So they moved Gary into a still bigger gym. By this time, there was fretful muttering that first place might have to go to Mike Berkowitz, 17 whose toss of only 53 ft., 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. had hit nothing but the floor. But the weary Bronx boy-whale finally got off a free-fight toss that went 60 ft., 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to win his just reward. This spring he will have all outdoors for room in his assault on the national scholastic record of 60 ft., 3 in., held by Southern California's Dallas Long.

Trial by Snow

When the U.S. Olympic team arrived in Kitzbühel, Austria, the men rated scarcely a look. Against Europe's best assembled to race in the famed Hahnenkamm meet, no one accorded them a chance. But the girls were another matter.

Center of all eyes was an athletic, pony-tailed blonde from New Hampshire named Penny Pitou, 21. Penny was ready, and poised as only a girl can be who had skied against the Europeans on even terms last year. She was quick with a smile for any passing photographer, had acquired a prestigious and hovering boy friend in Austria's Egon Zimmermann (who finished second in the men's downhill). With top-flight Teammate Betsy Snite nursing a knee on the sidelines, Penny warmed up with a respectable tie for fourth in the giant slalom.

Next day she was even better in the hell-bent downhill, daringly shaving her final turn to finish in a time of 1:57.1 that seemed good enough to win. But



Martha Holmes
SHOTPUTTER GARY GUBNER
Too high.

while chatting confidently with newsmen, Penny learned that it was not that easy an unknown Austrian 16-year-old named Traudl Hecher had snatched away first place with 1:55.9.

The next day, going for glory, Penny fell during the slalom, finished in 10.1 sec. Fishtailing through gates so effortlessly that her hips scarcely seemed to move. Austria's Hecher flashed home in 48.2 sec. Penny fought back her tears and tackled her second run with female fury, plummeting down the chopped-up course in the remarkable time of 48.3 sec. for a two-run total of 98.4. When Hecher folded under the pressure and ended with 99 sec., Penny again seemed to stand supreme. Then, adding to American feminine prestige, California's Linda Meyers, 22, started the crowd by turning in a second run of 49.4 sec., tying Penny for first place.

The U.S. men skiers finished about as expected—the best they could do was a 35th in the giant slalom. It was apparent that at Squaw Valley, U.S. skiing prestige will be in the hands of the girls. They seem strong enough.

Two for the Money

The daily headlines often go to the rookies or the overnight stars. But lifetime records are made by the men whom the fans sometimes take for granted, the veterans who combine steady skill with tough durability. Last week two such veterans made news in their professions.

Set in His Ways. The rangy (6 ft., 8 in., 220 lbs.) forward with shock of wavy black hair held the ball tightly in his two ham-sized hands, then sent a set shot swishing through the hoop 28 ft. away. With that, **Dolph Schayes**, 31, of the Syracuse Nats last week became the first



JUMPER JOHN THOMAS
High enough.

UPI



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DROP
BY DROP

man in the history of the National Basketball Association to score 15,000 points. Before the game was over, he had raised his total to 15,013 as his team beat the Boston Celtics, 127 to 120.

As a ten-year-old on the playground of P.S. 91 back in The Bronx, Schayes was so embarrassed by his 6-ft. height that he adopted the driving, set-shooting style of his hip-high teammates. Even after New York University and twelve years with the Nats, Schayes is still a big man playing a small man's game. If left alone, he will toss an old-fashioned two-handed set that soars so high it is dubbed "the rainmaker"; if crowded, he will knock anyone into the seats who gets in his way as he drives for the lay-up. His trademark: a right fist brandished in the air after a basket.

A fine rebounder and good playmaker, Schayes leads the league in foul shooting, is respected by the pros as one of the game's greats (ten years an all-star). But fans are apt to be more impressed by the flashy feats of St. Louis' Bob Pettit or Minneapolis' Elgin Baylor. Says Syracuse's Schayes wistfully: "My ambition has always been to some day walk down the street and for someone to say, 'There goes the greatest basketball player there is.' I may play until that happens."

Stitches to Show. Attacking in the opening minutes, the bull-necked right wing skated full tilt into the goalie's cage, sprawled dazed on the ice with a 13-in. gash over his right eye. But before the period was done, the Detroit Red Wings' Gordie Howe, 31, was back in action, went on to score an assist and a goal in his team's 3-0 victory over Chicago. The performance gave Howe the 947th point of his 14-year career to break by one point the all-time National Hockey League record of Montreal's aging 1381, legendary Maurice ("The Rocket") Richard.

Even after passing the Rocket, Howe still acted like the most modest rookie on the club. But many an expert regards Howe as the world's finest hockey player. Square and solid (6 ft., 201 lbs.), Howe has a pair of thick, supple wrists that can snap one of the fastest shots in the game (120 m.p.h.). What is more, he is a deft playmaker who is so tough he often takes extra turns with Detroit's spare lines; so rugged a body checker that he sometimes substitutes for a defenseman and comes zooming up ice to give Detroit four men on attack.

Since making the N.H.L. at the age of 18, Howe has become one of hockey's highest-salaried stars (an estimated \$25,000), last week was named for the eleventh season to the league's All-Star team, the only player to be picked unanimously. Over the years he has paid the price despite his skill as a brawler (brain concussion, ripped cartilages in both knees, "maybe 300, probably more, stitches on my face"). The proud Rocket is halfily intent on revenge, and the record will likely shuttle back and forth for the rest of the season. But with a seven-year age advantage on his rival, Howe seems certain to wind up eventually with the honor.

RELIGION

Bayne's Bite

On his way to London and his post as executive officer of the Anglican Communion (TIME, May 4), the U.S.'s Protestant Episcopal Bishop Stephen F. Bayne Jr. was asked to describe his new duties: "I am rather like a mosquito in a nudist camp. I know what I ought to do, but I don't know where to begin."

Life & Death of a Monsignor

Monsignor Ronald Knox was skittish about moths, mice and telephones. He was at his ease among pogo sticks (once he navigated a flight of stairs on one), the pipe smoke and verbal parry of Oxford common rooms, Latin verse and the English language. Temperamentally an esthetic, he nonetheless made sense and

Virgil at Six. For Ronald Arbuthnott Knox, religion was the family vocation. Both his grandfathers were Anglican prelates, and his father became Bishop of Manchester in 1903. The youngest of four brothers and two sisters, little Ronald was left motherless at four and became a precociously scholarly tot. At six, he could read Virgil, knew Latin and the Bible thoroughly. At Eton he copped almost every prize except the Newcastle scholarship; the boy who beat him crammed so hard that all his hair fell out. No crammer, Ronald was a bit of a prankster. He particularly disliked Classmate Hugh Dalton, later Chancellor of the Exchequer. On an exam paper asking "What are the oldest parts of the book of Exodus?" Ronald altered Dalton's paper to read "oddest," and the future politico listed all of the grosser passages.

Knox had yet to feel any sense of religious vocation, but he had more than the nominal teen-ager's attraction to the religious life. At 17 he made a vow of celibacy: "The uppermost thought in my mind was not that of virginity . . . I must have power to attend upon the Lord without impediment."

Incense for Paw. At Oxford, Ronald Knox was briefly "infected" with the impediment of Fabian socialism. He shortly parodied his drawing-room-pink period:

*Conceive me if you can
A crème-de-la-crème young man;
A fervid Etonian
Anti-Gladstonian
Down-with-the-rich young man . . .*

Even before he became an Anglican priest and took the chaplaincy of Trinity College, Oxford (1912), Knox was a "Romanizer." He was attracted to the rituals, vestments, "Mariolatrous hymns" and incense that his father among others was bent on stamping out. As a family joke Ronald once scented his father's private chapel with incense. Wrote Knox "I can't feel that the Church of England is an ultimate solution."

Spiritually, he saw the priesthood as a sacramental office rather than a hortatory one. Emotionally, the conversion of some of his closest friends and the lengthening roll of classmates dying in World War I stirred him deeply. He was struck when a fellow cleric was refused an army chaplaincy on being asked what he would do for a dying man and answering "Hear his confession and give him absolution." The correct military answer was: "Give him a cigarette and take any last message he may have for his family." In the spring of 1915 Knox drew up 31 propositions pro and con his submitting to the Church of Rome, but it was not until September 1917 that the pros won.

Vegetables in Pain. Within a decade of his conversion he was back at Oxford (1926) as Roman Catholic chaplain to the undergraduates, dispensing port and bananas along with basic spiritual nourishment. He never proselytized, re-



RONALD KNOX
Ordeals of parched spirituality.

clarify the chief goals of his monumental translation of the Bible. Intellectually the most ornamental English convert to Roman Catholicism since John Henry Newman, he was too diffident and self-effacing to aspire to a cardinal's red hat. His was the subtler role of a kind of religious Mr. Chips to several generations of Oxford undergraduates and a wellspring of Christian living to his friends.

Seven years before his death in 1957, Knox appointed one such friend, Evelyn Waugh, novelist and fellow convert, as his literary executor. In *Monsignor Ronald Knox* (Little, Brown: \$5), Biographer Waugh guards his friend's privacy like a medieval moat: whenever the book becomes personal, it is full of private jokes. Waugh's portrait is curiously Graham Greene-like, with Knox's outward urbanity masking a certain amount of inner anguish, his scrupulous conscience making him uneasy at any ease of faith.

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DEPT. M-4, 11 E. 47 STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

garding himself "as the shepherd with the crook, not the fisherman with the hook." Determinedly antimodern (he was 66 years old when he saw his first movie), Knox spoofed the pretensions of science by offering a lecture on the newly audible sounds of "vegetables in pain." He was a classic conservative who spoke of putting up "some kind of barrage against this revolting age."

Once when a young couple sought to have their infant baptized in the vernacular, Knox snorted: "The baby doesn't know English, and the Devil knows Latin." Despite the seemingly arrogant assurance of some of his publicized dicta (e.g., "All the identity discs in Heaven are marked R.C."), Knox went through ordeals of parched spirituality, notably in respect to prayer. He once wrote: "In the great bulk of my prayers, vocal and mental, all my life, I have not felt I was talking to God in his presence, but rather apostrophizing him in his absence."

Enter *Lady Acton*. As Waugh tells it, Knox was in depression toward the end (1939) of his Oxford chaplaincy. As a writer, he deplored what he referred to as two decades of potboiling. (Among other works he had churned out six popular detective novels to help foot the port-and-banana bills.) A glowing young convert, Lady Acton, and her husband gave Knox a psychological lift by offering him a writing retreat and private-chaplain status at their country estate, Aldenham. With this haven in view, Knox secured the English hierarchy's commission to translate the New Testament. From the beginning Knox assumed that he was to redo the entire Bible. This led to misunderstandings with the hierarchy, further aggravated by traditionalist opposition to the translation as it progressed. In return for a modest stipend for living expenses while he was working on the translation, Knox signed over his copyright to the hierarchy. At the time of his death, £50,000 had been realized from sales of the Knox Bible. The monsignor remarked "drolly but without bitterness" to Waugh that no one had ever uttered a word of thanks to him for this benefaction.

When he knew he was dying of cancer of the liver in the spring of 1957, Ronald Knox asked friends to "ask our Lord to let me have the gift of perseverance." To one, he wrote with characteristic diffidence, "I gather this kind of cancer doesn't mean suffering in any acute form—I expect I'm not worthy of it." His last three days were spent in a coma. Once he roused, and a Lady Eldon at his bedside asked if he would like her to read to him from "his" New Testament. He replied with a faint but distinct "No"; then after a long pause there came from the deathbed, just audibly, "Awfully jolly of you to suggest it, though." They were his last words.

The Smile of Ebisu-san

"Ebisu-san is smiling again," say the busy businessmen of booming Osaka these days. Translation: "We never had it so good." Ebisu-san is the fat-faced Shinto god of wealth, and last week Osaka held



Mainichi Shimbun

GEISHA AT SHINTO FESTIVAL
The money god never had it so good.

its annual three-day festival in his honor, presented the god with the biggest cash offering in ten centuries. Priests in white kimonos and sky blue shirts, shrine dancers in billowing scarlet, shrine musicians with flutes and harps kept things moving while nearly 2,000,000 of Osaka's 2,540,000 citizens flocked to Ebisu-san's two ancient shrines and contributed \$53,000 in money offerings, and another \$42,000 in talismans called *ubusuna*. Everyone was pleased with the money god except eleven men arrested for picking pockets.

Talking to the Universe

Methodist theological seminaries had better get cracking with a program to train future ministers in talking religion to creatures in outer space, said Washington's Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam in Pittsburgh last week. Speaking at a meeting in Mt. Lebanon Methodist Church to commemorate the 175th anniversary of the organization of U.S. Methodism, Bishop Oxnam said:

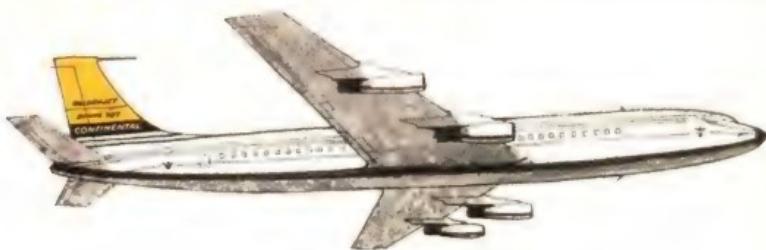
"Before another 175 years have passed, we will have conquered space and come to know the thinking, the culture, the dreams, the problems, the limitations of the people who populate the great planets of the universe . . .

"Are the theological seminaries of the Methodist Church preparing men and women for the conversations and the conferences that are necessary as we seek to share the riches that are ours, and to receive from others the riches that are theirs, to the end that we may come to know the father of us all? Is the message that we are to speak to the universe a neat little set of dogmatic propositions which we in our limitations have worked out . . . ? Are there answers that we have never heard? Are we ready to hear them, and to act upon them if they appeal to the minds God has given to us?"

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The truth may surprise you —

A REPORT BY THE MOST EXPERIENCED JETLINE IN THE WEST!



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12 GOLDEN JET BOEING 707 FLIGHTS DAILY BETWEEN CHICAGO AND LOS ANGELES!



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Continental offers twice as many pure jet flights between Chicago and Los Angeles as any other airline! What's more, we've flown jet-power aircraft longer than any of our competitors. We are, *in fact*, the most experienced jetline in the West.

*Only \$65.50, plus tax, from Los Angeles.

7	1	9	3	11	5	GOLDEN JET FLIGHTS	14	8	10	4	6	12
AT&T	AIR	PR	PM	PM	PM	Lv CHICAGO(O'Hare)CST Ar	2:45	3:15	7:30	7:00	6:15	8:00
9:00	9:45	4:15	4:45	8:05	8:30	Lv KANSAS CITY CST Ar	9:20	9:45	11:45	10:00	7:00	8:15
↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	↓	Lv DENVER MST Ar	11:45	11:50	4:30	3:55	3:45	4:45
10:15	10:45	5:30	6:00	11:15	10:35	Lv DENVER MST Ar	11:50	12:00	1:00	1:30	12:45	1:45
12:00	11:50	7:15	6:50	11:15	10:35	Lv LOS ANGELES (International) PSTLrv	9:45	10:15	11:00	11:30	10:45	11:45

Who's the fastest? Continental...

EXCLUSIVE "INSTANT BOARDING" SYSTEM MAKES GOLDEN JET SERVICE FASTEST OF ALL!

Everyone talks flying times—who's fastest from here to there, *in the air*. No jet is faster to the cities we serve than the Golden Jet. And "Instant Boarding" makes Golden Jet service fastest of all at the airport.

No ticket line! Make your reservation and pick up your ticket at your Travel Agent's or any Continental ticket office. If this isn't convenient, just get aboard and buy your ticket in flight (with cash, check or credit card).

No check-in line! Take your luggage to the weigh-in area and tell us where you're going and whether you do or don't hold a reservation. We tag your bags and you're off.

No gate line! When your plane's ready to go, amble to the gate and give your name, flight number and destination. Make your seat selection and walk aboard.

Your ticket is taken in flight! It's checked by our Director, Passenger Services. If you don't have a ticket he'll sell you one now.





**Only the Golden Jet has
a cabin crew of five!**

In addition to the four attentive hostesses, there's a new sir at your service on every Golden Jet. He's the Director, Passenger Services shown at left. He's in charge of all phases of our "Gold Carpet" Service, both on the ground and in the air.

How are meals on the Golden Jet? Here's a typical First Class dinner: cocktails, hot hors d'oeuvres, lobster cocktail, romaine salad with roquefort dressing, vintage wine, sirloin strip steak, French pastry, golden champagne, coffee and a liqueur. The Club Coach dinner is different but still very special. All meals are included in fares, of course.

Who gives the finest passenger service? Continental...

YOU GET "GOLD CARPET" SERVICE ALL THE WAY IN BOTH LUXURY FIRST CLASS AND CLUB COACH!

Only Boeing 707 with two lounges!

We put two lounges in the Golden Jet—one for each passenger class. Cocktails are complimentary in Luxury First Class and are available at very fair prices in Club Coach. Notice, "Gold Carpet" Service applies throughout the plane.

Only jet with television!

Just because you're 30,000 feet in the air is no reason not to watch television—at least not when you're traveling First Class on the world's most luxurious pure jet! So there's a TV set in the First Class lounge!

We're deeply gratified to have so many seasoned air travelers switching over to us. If you have yet to fly the Golden Jet, do it soon.

 For information or for reservations, call your Travel Agent or any Continental ticket office.

If you live in DETROIT, PITTSBURGH, CLEVELAND, DAYTON, MIAMI, BUFFALO, CINCINNATI, ATLANTA or any other city east of Chicago, simply order your tickets from the airline of your choice. Tell the reservation agent you want to ride Continental's Golden Jet from Chicago west. Or contact your Travel Agent.



CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

MOST EXPERIENCED JETLINE IN THE WEST



BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

New Vigor

The U.S. economy was producing at an all-time high last week. Industrial production, which rebounded in December from the steel strike with the second biggest leap since World War II, was up to 165 on the Federal Reserve Board index. This month it should easily break through the record rate of 166 set last May and June. Reflecting the new vigor, railroad carloadings for the week of Jan. 9 were up 7.4% over last year, 22.5% over the preceding week; truckloadings were 8.6% above last year, 35% higher than the week before.

Counting heavily on sharing in the boom, the auto industry last week raised its output to the fastest pace since the record year of 1955. It expected to turn out 176,655 units for the week, 21% of them compact cars. New-car sales for the first ten days in January were up 9% over last year.

The speed of the overall business pickup could be gauged from the year-end figures released by the Government last week. Employment, which usually declines in December, rose slightly to a record 65,699,000 for the month. Unemployment, which usually rises seasonally, dropped by 100,000 to 3,577,000, the lowest level in five months and near the pre-steel-strike level of 4.9% of the working force. As consumers continued to step up spending, December retail sales hit \$21.7 billion, bringing sales for all of 1959 to a record high of \$215.6 billion, about 8% above 1958. Private housing starts picked up to a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 1,310,000 v. 1,210,000 for the month before. The jump raised starts for 1959 to 1,341,500, highest since the record 1950 volume of 1,352,300. Helping along both trends—and adding to the likelihood that the consumer will continue to buy heavily—is a rise in hourly factory earnings to \$2.26, which hiked weekly factory earnings to \$91.53.



New View of Prices

Whenever the experts look at inflation, the general assumption is that the cost-price spiral is an economy-wide phenomenon to be blamed on all industry. This assumption, says Professor Charles L. Schultze of Indiana University, is a mistake, and is one reason why the U.S. knows so little about inflation; economists do not study it closely enough. In a report issued last week by the Committee for Economic Development, Economist Schultze goes after the inflation problem industry by industry with prices, cost and output data for each. His conclusion: sharp inflationary pressures in only a few industries were responsible for most of the inflation in the U.S. economy during the 1947-57 period.

Schultze isolated six major industries

in which soaring demand far outstripped the rest of the economy. They are:

- Construction
- Durable Goods
- Finance and Insurance
- Transportation (other than railroads)
- Communications
- Public Utilities

The Big Three. During the decade, the combined output of these six jumped 66% v. a rise of 42% for the economy as a whole. In some of the six, notably utilities, which posted a 128% gain in output with only an 18% price rise, productivity rose fast enough to counteract the usual price increases that accompany soaring demand. But in others of the powerful six, productivity fell behind. Productivity did not keep pace with costs in construction and durable goods; added to a seventh burgeoning industry, services, which by its very nature does not increase productivity rapidly; they were enough to overpower all other sectors of the economy and lead the way into inflation (*see chart*). Says Schultze: "If durable goods, construction and services are combined, the total accounts for roughly 15.5 [percentage] points of the 29% rise in the overall price index, even though these three represent less than one-third of total business output."

The study goes on to explore another economic problem of the 1947-57 period: steadily rising prices even during recession when dropping demand should cut prices. Economist Schultze does not explain it in the usual terms of a wage push by hourly workers. Instead he cites businessmen themselves: in expectation of growing long-term demand, they loaded on new plants and machines, more nonproductive salaried engineers and managers, all heavy overhead items of fixed cost. When recession came, the businessmen were stuck: they could lay off hourly workers, but they still had to pay their fixed costs for plants and highly trained white-collar

TIME CLOCK

STOCK INVESTORS stood a 60% chance of coming out ahead last year, if they bought shares at random on the New York Stock Exchange. Of issues listed on big board, 623 rose (most of them well over 10%), while 413 fell, most of them less than 10%. In all, 100 issues jumped 50% or more.

MUTUAL-FUND sales soared from about \$1.9 billion in 1958 to record \$2.3 billion last year, are expected to add another \$2.5 billion in 1960.

TEN TURBINE HELICOPTERS, seating 25 passengers each, will be bought for \$9,000,000 by New York Airways, with subsidy help that now runs \$2,000,000 a year. Five of the twin-turbine Vertol 107 copters will

start flying in spring of 1961, will boost line's annual capacity by 400% to 500,000 passengers.

FAR EAST TOURIST BOOM will lure 210,000 tourists to Japan this year (v. 152,000 last year), and 60% of them will be from U.S. Since jet service began to Japan, Pan American Airways' business on route has jumped 50%. This week airline will step up West Coast to Japan jet service from four to seven round trips a week.

GOVERNMENT-OWNED property, from missiles to dry-cleaning plants and post exchanges, is up to \$265 billion. Total rose \$2.5 billion in fiscal 1959 as U.S. put realistic values on gift property it had previously valued

at nominal \$1 per piece. U.S. owns 769 million acres of land—one-third of total in nation—worth \$72 billion, with buildings.

CREDIT CARDS are spreading to dime stores. S. S. Kresge Co., the third biggest chain (after Woolworth, W. T. Grant), will offer charge plates in 68 Michigan area stores. Woolworth is also testing charge plates; Grant has introduced them in all its stores.

ATOMIC REACTOR for Puerto Rico, first in the Caribbean, will be built by AEC and used to train Latin American scientists. The 16,300-kw. boiling-water plant, costing \$1 million, is scheduled to start operating near Rincón in three years.

staffs. As sales dropped and earnings were squeezed, the tendency was to hike prices in hopes of maintaining profits. Says Schultze: By insisting on immediate returns on their investment "instead of writing it off against the future, they showed a little bit of a lack of imagination."

The Ratchet. Moreover, inflation may well be here to stay. Says Schultze: "A massive depression like that of the 1930s would surely break through the rigidities in the price-cost structure and force wage and price declines." But the U.S. economy of 1960 is so strongly committed to full employment and has so many built-in stabilizers that there is little chance of a big enough drop. The U.S. has managed to even out the sharpest swings in its economic cycle, but in so doing it has also put a "ratchet" under prices and costs, thus preventing them from going down.

The New Luxury Market

What kind of market awaits U.S. retailers in the 1960s? A luxury market, bigger and fancier than anyone dreamed possible a few years ago, says Andrew Goodman, 52, boss of Manhattan's elegant Bergdorf Goodman specialty store. Said Goodman, in a speech to the Garment Salesmen's Guild in Manhattan last week: "No longer is good taste the exclusive property of the few or the rich. During the next decade, price will cease to be the major criterion for larger and larger sections of the population. The new criterion will be style and taste."

"People who five years ago did not know the difference between a Picasso and a piccolo now own excellent reproductions of well-known sculptures and paintings, and are beginning to buy fine originals. Gone are the days when the housewife in East Cupcake did not know, and could not care less, about what silhouette was new or what skirt length was smart. Today, through TV, newspapers, magazines and the movies, she knows what's new and has a pretty good idea of what she wants." When his father started B. G. in 1901, said Goodman, his object was to satisfy "the smallest possible segment of the American population. But in 1959, we sold hundreds of ready-to-wear dresses that retailed for more than \$300 and a remarkable quantity for more than \$1,000.

"The mink coat, as an end in itself, is already old hat to a growing section of our population." Every woman now wants not just one mink, but a distinctive mink, just as she wants distinction in everything else, even to bathroom faucets, where the latest rage is "24-karat gold faucets shaped like swans and flowers."

FASHION

Wearable & Salable

On their pre-spring shopping spree, more than 4,400 buyers went to Manhattan last week, saw the new 1960 fashions—and were conquered. Eagerly they hustled up and down from one S.R.O. showroom to another in Manhattan's garment district, where as many as 45 showings per day crammed the

schedule. The designers played up what the fashion buffs call "wearability"—sensible clothes that fit in pretty well with any style or season; and "packability" (fresh emphasis on lightweight and non-crush, drip-dry convenience fabrics). There was a smart swing to dresses made from printed scarf material, dresses with matching jackets, and two-layer "tunics," i.e., a sheath ending above the knee with a longer sheath of matching or different color underneath. There was a slim look in hats, a chunky look in jewelry and a gentle look in the spring colors—notably beige, bone and white.

What designers had up their big sleeves was a silhouette that defied a name. Some dubbed it the "Easy Look," others the "Airlift Look," still others the "Dragonfly Look." It accented huge, winglike sleeves and a wandering waistline. Designer Ceil Chapman's funnel-sleeved line

trading up, buying better merchandise."

Stores will stress high fashion rather than low price in their spring promotions. "What women want these days is quality," said Merchandising Manager Sonja Tepperman to out-of-town buyers. But women—and their husbands—have to pay the price for it. "You just can't expect to find the same quality in a \$29.95 dress as you did five years ago." Between the price upsurge and the new desire for better things, retailers expect first-half sales to rise about 7%.

ADVERTISING

Moment of Truth

In its heaviest crackdown on phony TV advertising, the Federal Trade Commission last week gave new teeth to an old saw: things are rarely what they seem. The FTC filed complaints against four major



BUYERS & 1960 SWIM SUITS

And then the "Eesy," the "Airlift" and the "Dragonfly."

CHAPMAN'S FUNNEL SLEEVES

Barney Rosset

highlighted the "pyramid waist," high in front and low in back. Designers Norman Norell and James Galanos achieved the long-torso effect by dropping the waistline well down to the hip. Designers expect that the wandering waistline will make women's figures look slimmer. Manufacturers expect that it will fatten retail sales figures, which now top \$10 billion a year for women's wear.

Last week fashion houses wrote orders at the fastest clip since the era when the "New Look" dropped skirts more than a decade ago. Buyers were loading up because all signs point to a banner year, e.g., December business set records and January department-store sales are running 9% ahead of the year-ago rate. Some of the freest spenders in Manhattan came from cities that the steel-strike settlement helped most—Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Cleveland, Birmingham, Detroit. "The buyers have a lot of money, and they are spending it like mad," said Felix Lilienthal Jr., president of a company that buys for stores with total sales of \$850 million. "They are also

national advertisers (Standard Brands, Colgate-Palmolive, Alcos and Lever Bros.), three advertising agencies (Manhattan's Ted Bates & Co. and Foote, Cone & Belding, and Pittsburgh's Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove), and Foote, Cone's Vice President William H. Bambrick. The charge: trickery designed to fool the TV viewer.

Charged the FTC: "The 'flavor gems' used by Standard Brands to show that its Blue Bonnet margarine is as good as 'high-price spread' (oleo lingo for butter) are actually drops of a nonvolatile liquid substituted just for the demonstration.

¶ "What purports to be a piece of dry sandpaper" used by Colgate-Palmolive to show that even sandpaper can be shaved with its Rapid Shave is actually a "mock-up made of glass or Plexiglas to which sand has been applied."

¶ When Alcoa pits a piece of its "New Super-Strength Alcoa Wrap" against "ordinary wrap," it stacks the deck by seeing to it that the "ordinary wrap" is "deliberately torn and severely wrinkled."

THE TREASURY SQUEEZE

The Bond Interest Ceiling Is Too Low

THE biggest demagogic campaign issue of 1960 revolves around the U.S. Treasury and the mandatory 4½% interest ceiling on all Government bonds of five years or longer. Last year President Eisenhower asked Congress to remove the limitation, imposed in 1918, and Congress turned him down. Last week Ike asked again, and once more a Democratic Congress seems determined to make political capital out of an economic problem.

Every economist agrees that the U.S. Treasury is in a tough spot to refund Government issues that are constantly coming due. With top-grade corporate issues bringing more than 5%, the Treasury cannot sell long-term bonds limited to a 4½% ceiling. The Treasury is forced to get its money by short-term issues, has to keep going to the market to raise cash, thus disrupting short-term borrowing for business and helping to drive up rates.

Nevertheless, a loud and powerful group of Congressmen, including Illinois Senator Paul Douglas and Texas Congressman Wright Patman, refuses to grant the Treasury any relief, crying that interest rates are already too high. "The only inflation we have today," says Patman, with more emotion than economic reason (see State of Business), "is inflation caused by high interest." The critics blame the Treasury for the rising cost of servicing the nation's debt, argue that any further boost in interest rates would cost the taxpayers additional billions. They argue that if the Treasury wants to sell long-term bonds, it has the power to sell them at a discount to increase the effective yield without changing the historic 4½% coupon, or to ask the Federal Reserve to support the Government bond market as it did prior to 1951. (In 1953 the Federal Reserve decided to buy only relatively short-term notes and bills.) Says Douglas: "The abandonment of the 'bills-only' policy would add another weapon [to use] to help prevent economic fluctuations."

Against such adamant Democrats stand most economists and monetary experts, including such Democrats as House Speaker Sam Rayburn and House Ways & Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills. The plain fact, as they are well aware, is that a boost in Treasury long-term rates is probably the most effective way of holding overall interest rates down. By borrowing exclusively in the short-term market, which is the area where business gets its money for temporary or seasonal needs such as carrying in-

ventories or financing sales, the Treasury has sopped up much of the money normally available. The scramble for the remainder has driven up short-term rates, eventually also forcing up long-term borrowing costs.

So competitive is the short-term market that the Treasury's newest 91-day bill sells for nearly 4.6%. The effect of short-term borrowing, according to Government estimates, has been to drive overall interest rates up ½% in a year, and cost the Government an extra \$700 million to carry its debt. The cost to private borrowers has run into the billions, is growing so worrisome that even housebuilders, who once opposed raising the ceiling, are now having serious second thoughts. The Treasury's medium-term "magic fives" of last fall (TIME, Oct. 12) drew some \$300 million out of New York savings banks alone, money that ordinarily would have gone for mortgages.

The problem is getting worse with each passing month. It is true, as some Congressmen say, that no long-term debt comes due for ten months. But there will be almost \$80 billion in short- and medium-term borrowing. By November of 1961, so much debt will drop down into the one-year-and-under category that the figure will top \$92 billion, up from \$81 billion in December 1959, in itself equal to the alltime record. The Government's only recourse will be more short-term financing, probably at higher rates.

Administration economists are dead set against trying to sell long-term bonds by gimmicks, meaning discounts, or by trying to force the Federal Reserve to support the market. They argue that this is simply funny-money financing. By supporting Treasury bonds, the Fed would, in effect, be pumping money into the economy, would lose control over the monetary system and take the U.S. down the road to real inflation. Says FRB Chairman William McChesney Martin: "The world now knows that, as the night follows the day, inflation follows any effort to keep interest rates low through money creation."

The best argument against keeping the historic 4½% interest ceiling is that it has not kept interest rates down. The best argument for removing the ceiling is that it will give the Treasury enough flexibility to lessen its reliance on the short-term market. By taking the pressure off these rates, the U.S. will have a good chance of stopping the rise in interest and the squeeze on money that, historically, has almost always ushered in a recession.

puts a dried-out ham in the ordinary wrap and a fresh ham in its own.

¶ Pepsodent's demonstration seeking to prove that it can remove yellow smoke stains caused by a cigarette smoking machine "does not actually prove that Pepsodent toothpaste is effective in removing tobacco smoke stains from the teeth of all smokers, and especially the accumulated stains of habitual smokers."

The ad world and the companies involved reacted as if the FTC had attacked mother and apple pie. Fairfax Cone, who had a hand in creating the Pepsodent commercial and who sternly told admen three weeks ago to clean up "dishonest advertising," had a novel retort: "To me it wasn't wrong, and I think I have as high ideals as anybody around. I believe in the truth." Colgate-Palmolive announced that its shaving commercial was only "a technique used to overcome photographic difficulties," and that "sandpaper can be shaved." Standard declared that "the presence of the gems in Blue Bonnet is an established fact." Alcoa denied all wrongdoing. Irving Miller, supervisor of the Alcoa account for Ketchum, MacLeod, explained further that the torn, crumpled, "ordinary foil" may even have been Alcoa's regular foil.

GOVERNMENT

Top Ten in Defense

Totting up the list of its biggest suppliers last week, the Pentagon announced that General Dynamics Corp. surpassed Boeing Aircraft to become the nation's No. 1 defense contractor last year. The top ten:

General Dynamics Corp.	\$1.6 billion
Boeing	\$1.2 billion
North American Aviation	\$1.02 billion
General Electric	\$914 million
Lockheed	\$999 million
Douglas	\$676 million
United Aircraft	\$538 million
Martin	\$524 million
Hughes Aircraft	\$494 million
A.T. & T.	\$477 million

CARRIAGE TRADE

The Big Gem Mystery

The great international jewel mystery started with a society-column item in the New York *Mirror*. All Paris was agog at word about a "titled international couple who had a little jewelry trouble lately. It seems that two years ago when the gentleman married his beautiful lady, he bought from an American jeweler of excellent reputation a magnificent pair of canary diamond earrings and four black pearls of unparalleled size and beauty. This summer the lady noticed the pearls were fading. She took them to several

• Natural black pearls and natural canary diamonds are rare. A black pearl four-tenths of an inch in diameter is worth up to \$7,500 compared to \$350 for a culture white pearl dyed black. A large canary diamond (not to be confused with off-color or cheap "yellow" diamonds) may bring ten times the price of a white stone. Diamonds can be synthetically colored by atomic radiation or dyed by a vacuum process similar to coating a photo-lens.



Celanese
CREATING VALUES
WITH CHEMISTRY

U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

CELANESE CREATES NEW SYNTHETIC LUBRICANT FOR HIGH TEMPERATURE JET ENGINES

Celanese has developed a new synthetic lubricant designed for use in future aircraft which will fly at many times the speed of sound. This new lubricant is effective at oil reservoir temperatures from -65°F to +425°F.

This product resists breakdown at extremely high engine temperatures and will operate at 100 degrees higher than the maximum permissible for previous products.

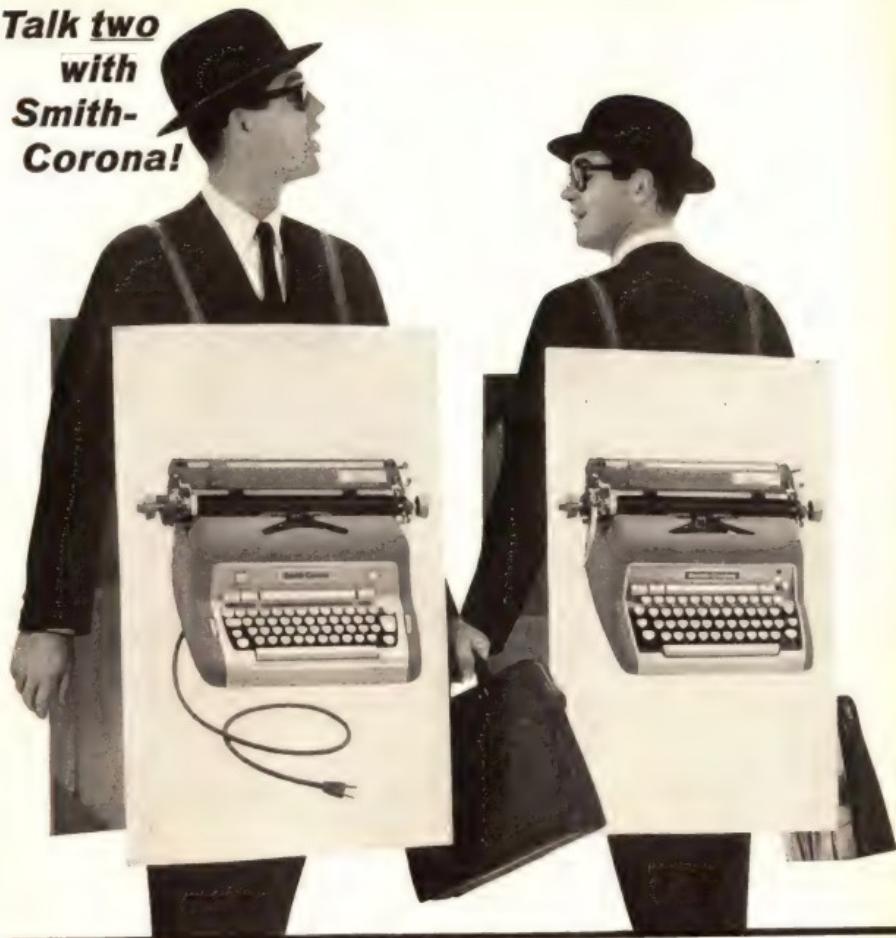
Celanese is currently delivering another one of this series of lubricants for use in existing Air Force supersonic jets. Both were developed in a joint

effort by Celanese and the Air Research and Development Command.

These new man-made lubricants, "Cellutherm," are part of a group of fire-resistant and heat-resistant lubricants and hydraulic fluids created by Celanese to meet the needs of industry for safe and efficient operation of critical machinery. They are examples of Celanese chemical research and production which continue to provide industry with material for improved products and processes. For complete technical information on Cellutherm write to Celanese Corporation of America, N.Y. 16.

Cellutherm™

**Talk two
with
Smith-
Corona!**



MORE EXCLUSIVES THAN ANY OTHER ELECTRIC

Only the Smith-Corona Electric gives you so many unique, useful exclusive convenience features:

One-hand, one-step automatic margins. Cushioned touch. On-off signal light. Page Gage. Half-spacing.

The Smith-Corona Electric, precision-built to the highest standards of reliability, is first in value, too. Compare feature for feature — dollar for dollar — with any other office electric typewriter made today.

THE ONLY MANUAL WITH ACCELERATOR ACTION

The Smith-Corona Secretarial has livelier touch and action for more typing speed, greater typing ease. And it's the sturdiest, most reliable manual made.

Whatever your needs, the Smith-Corona typing counsellor will match the machine to the job. For a free demonstration and the "Secretary's Handbook," call your Smith-Corona office or write to Smith-Corona, 701 E. Washington Street, Syracuse 1, N. Y.

SCM **SMITH-CORONA**
DIVISION OF SMITH-CORONA MARCHANT INC.



TIKI CATAMARAN



80-H.P. MERCURY

Also hot showers, jet power and a built-in rotisserie.



A CROWD AT SHOW

Photo by Eric Shipton

Paris jewelers." Their unanimous verdict was that the pearls had been dyed. Then the diamonds were found to be artificially colored. Result: "When the couple visited New York recently, they returned the gems and walked out with a check for almost half a million.

First Manhattan jeweler to react was Tiffany & Co. On New Year's Day, Tiffany informed readers in a two-column *New York Times* ad: "Description of the seller as 'an American jeweler of excellent reputation' has apparently raised the question in some people's minds whether this meant Tiffany & Co." The answer is: It was not Tiffany & Co." Last week, in identically worded ads that appeared side by side in the *Times*, Van Cleef & Arpels and Carter assured "our patrons and friends that we are not the jewelry concern in question." Black Starr & Gorham followed with a "not me" ad in the *Times*. The *Times'* Advertising Columnist Robert Alden reported that the jewelry buyer was Prince Sadruddin Khan, half brother of Aly Khan and uncle of the new Aga Khan. Though other New York jewelers know the name of the seller, for "ethical considerations" they cannot name him. But somebody must be talking. Alden concluded: "The word is that a stream of customers have been going into his shop and asking for their money back on purchases from him."

MODERN LIVING

Happy Sailing

Into Manhattan's Coliseum last week to celebrate its golden anniversary steamed the National Motor Boat Show towing along 426 exhibits and 310 boats, the biggest fleet in show history. Crowds were so big—and sales so brisk—that the industry expects 1966 will easily top record 1959 when nearly \$2.5 billion was spent on boating, including sales of 540,000 outboard motors, some 300,000 boats, and 175,000 boat trailers.

Fiberglass boats dominated the show (more than 200 boats displayed). Some 40% of all small pleasure boats being

built are of fiber glass; last year alone, plastic boat production jumped from 85,000 to 130,000 boats. Among the plastic sail fleet: a 17-ft. Thistle sloop (\$1,875 without sails), Cape Cod Shipbuilding's 23-ft. Martin day sailor (\$5,500 without sails), the 25-ft. New Horizons auxiliary sloop (\$8,950 with sails), and the 41-ft. Bounty II with a new yawl rig to improve its racing potential. Newest members of the flotilla are the catamarans, which will easily outspeed many power boats. Among them: Pearson Corp.'s 17-ft. Tiger Cat (\$1,705 without sails), which last year won the One-of-a-Kind Regatta against 30 other one-design small sailboats, and Catamaran Corp.'s 12-ft. Tiki (\$995 without sails), which sleeps two, can be converted into an iceboat.

The Horsepower Race. For power boaters, there was Triumph's 20-ft. inboard cruiser (\$14,000) with a cantilevered aircraft-carrier foredeck and all-electric galley. And for less expensive tastes, Molded Fiber Glass Boat Co. showed a 10-ft. outboard cabin cruiser (\$2,800) designed by famed naval architects Gibbs & Cox. Other plastic boats ranged from Sock Boat Corp.'s do-it-yourself runabout (\$395), which can be assembled by a novice in 20 hours to the 8-ft. (\$125) Dhow midget rowboat. In general, outboards had less chrome, fewer fins, increased storage for gas, paid more attention to passenger comfort.

There was no letup in the outboard horsepower race. Outboard Marine's best-selling twins, Johnson and Evinrude, each unveiled a \$908.50, 75-h.p. giant (up from 1958's 50 h.p. tops); Mercury showed off a 80 h.p. behemoth (price \$1,100 without propeller). While outboarders felt that they were almost to the limit in horsepower for the hulls now in existence, Scott showed an experimental 120 h.p.

No Squalls Ahead. Luxury boats among the more than 75 cabin cruisers on display included Richardson's 46-ft., \$51,000 motor yacht sleeping ten people. Rivaling it in the lavish touch was Bay-



SOCK BOAT'S RUNABOUT



PEARSON'S TIGER CAT



BUEHLER'S TURBOCRAFT

What's wrong with your stocks?

That may seem like a strange question for us to ask, but it's one no investor can afford to ignore.

Because the bad things about a stock you own can be just as important as the good things—at times even more important.

Look at it this way: Before you buy a stock you check both the good and the bad, make as sure as you can that it really is the best you can buy for your purposes.

But once you've bought it, the emphasis sometimes shifts. Like a lot of people we know, you may tend to forget the bad things—just keep looking for all the evidence you can find to support your original judgment—to prove that you made a good buy.

That's only human, we admit.

But it can be dangerous—especially if it blinds you to change.

Because investment values do change, and if new facts should develop that make one of your stocks far less desirable—well, the sooner you know about it the better.

That's why our account executives get so many calls from experienced investors . . . why these investors keep checking on the current status of their holdings to make sure that nothing's gone wrong.

If you're not sure about the stocks you own, you might find it helpful to discuss your portfolio with one of our account executives yourself. You can reach one by phone if you like, or talk to one in person anytime you care to visit—

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head Skiffs' 30-ft. Caribbean sports express. It has a hot-water shower, two electric refrigerators, a built-in rotisserie in its all-electric kitchen. Price: \$28,000. But the biggest attention grabbers at the show were the new jet motorboats. Buehler Turbocraft exhibited a 16-ft. inboard (price: \$3,450), powered by a jet engine. It draws in water through intakes amidships, forces it out at the stern, drives the boat up to 38 m.p.h. in as little as three inches of water.

Looking into the '60s, boatmen see no squalls ahead. Says Outboard Marine President William C. Scott: "Research estimates for the next decade indicate that the total number of outboard motors sold will constitute a 100% increase over the total in use in 1950. By that time it is estimated that 60 million people will be engaged in boating. It would be difficult to conceive of a brighter future."

AGRICULTURE

Cotton-Picking Loans

Price supports for cotton are necessary, so the politicians say, to protect the nation's host of small farmers. But last week Delaware's Senator John Williams dug out facts to show that the gravy goes to a few big farmers. Williams inserted in the *Congressional Record* a list of 297 cotton farmers who in 1958 received price-support loans of more than \$100,000.

Among them, the 297 accounted for almost a tenth of the \$1,185,000,000 in cotton loans for that year. Three of the farmers, said Williams, received more than the Government lent to all growers of all crops in the four important farm states of Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey and Pennsylvania combined. They are:

¶ Westlake Farms, Inc. of Stratford, Calif., which got \$1,442,505.

¶ British-owned Delta & Pine Land Co. of Scott, Miss., \$1,212,699.

¶ Kern Land of Bakersfield, Calif., \$761,408.

Other wealthy cotton pickers:

Church, Bruce Inc. of Yuma, Ariz., \$857,480.

¶ J. G. Adams & Son of Hughes, Ark., \$402,050.

¶ F. H. Vahlising of Mathis, Texas, \$380,-484.

In addition, Williams named 117 other Californians who received payments ranging up to \$707,997 each in subsidies, 27 other Texans who collected up to \$345,727 each from the Government, 75 other Arizonans who got up to \$427,181 each, six other Arkansans who got up to \$223,486 each, and a sprinkling of Louisiana, New Mexico, Nevada, Oklahoma and Tennessee growers whose takes ranged up to \$223,841. Though a 1959 amendment sponsored by Williams theoretically limits crop loans to a maximum of \$35,000 per farmer, Williams warned the Senate that he is skeptical about how much good the law will do, since it was badly weakened in final conference. The only thing that will really do any good, said Williams, is to get rid of the price-support "monstrosity."

MILESTONES

Married. Antenor Patiño, 65, Bolivian tin tycoon, one of the world's richest men, who chased (1934) his daughter to Edinburgh, spread money at all levels, from cab drivers to lawyers, in a celebrated but futile effort to prevent her marrying Londoner Michael Goldsmith; and Italian Countess Beatrix di Rosavenda, 47; both for the second time; in London.

Divorced. By James Howard ("Dutch") Kindelberger, 64, board chairman of North American Aviation, Inc.; his second wife, Helen Louise Kindelberger, 39; after 13 years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. J. Scott Smart, 57, radio actor and mimic who capitalized on his physique (270 lbs. at his prime) to portray Dashiell Hammett's urban gumshoe *The Fat Man* from 1946-52, with his gruff voice convinced listeners he meant it when he snarled "murder"; as on other radio shows he convinced them when he squawked like an ostrich, croaked like a bullfrog, orated like Huey Long; of cancer; in Springfield, Ill.

Died. George Walbridge Perkins, 64, longtime (1927-48) executive of Merck & Co., Inc., who as Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs (1949-53) successfully urged Congress in 1950 to grant financial aid to an isolated, Stalin-defying Tito; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Dr. Edward Weiss, 64, one of the first practitioners of psychosomatic medicine, who concluded (*Psychosomatic Medicine; Don't Worry About Your Heart*) that one-third of all disease is induced, one-third aggravated, by emotional stress; of a heart attack; in Philadelphia.

Died. Charles Manuel ("Daddy") Grace, 78, Portuguese-born Negro evangelist who whipped the adoring members of his House of Prayer for All People to a frenzy by a flow of incomprehensible oratory, a toss of his richly curled tresses, a wave of his 5-in.-long fingernails painted red, white and blue; collected enough money by the ritual of sitting in the "money well" or forming the "Sweet Daddy Grace Line" to afford a coffee plantation in Brazil, a chicken farm in Cuba, a cosmetic outfit that sells *Daddy Grace Cold Cream*; exuded so much love of a sort that he barely escaped conviction for income tax evasion and violation of the Mann Act; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

Died. Bonno Elkan, 82, popular Jewish seafarer in pre-Hitler Germany, who fled to London in 1933, taking with him a 7-ft. by 6-ft. candelabrum whose gracefully weaving branches support a group of Biblical characters, a piece that eventually won him acclaim in England and the chance to do powerful busts of such notables as Arturo Toscanini and Winston Churchill; in London.



Weldwood Algoma-Made Architectural Butternut Paneling was chosen for the walls of the President's Dining Room, Marine Trust Company, Buffalo, New York. Architects: James, Meadows, and Howard, Buffalo, New York.



Weldwood Matched Cherry Paneling, American Walnut, Honey, Robert Moses Power Dam, built by Port Authority of State of New York, Massena, N.Y. Installed by Freeman-Corder, Erdine, Uhl, Hall, & Rich. Cons. Archi: John B. Tracy.



Weldwood Prefinished Walnut Paneling was chosen for its richness and simple dignity by Architect Albert D. Rader for his office in the Professional Building, designed by him and built in Closter, New Jersey.



Weldwood Architectural Matched Teak, Senior Executive office, Commercial Credit Corporation, Baltimore, Md. Architects: Harrison and Abramovitz. Interiors by J. H. Less. Illustration: The H. Chambers Company.

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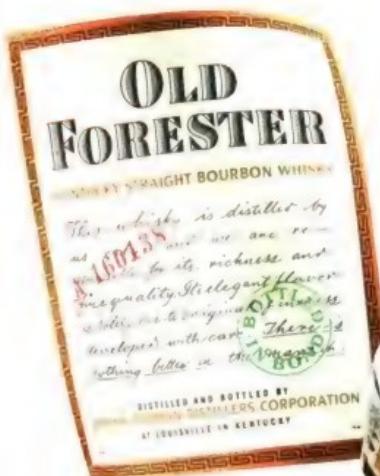
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 "How To Plan Your Own Wood Paneling Project"
(Has 16 pages of ideas, photos, etc.)

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CINEMA

The New Wave Rolls On

The Lovers [Zenith International] swimming out of *La Nouvelle Vague* (TIME, Nov. 16) without any clothes on has made quite a financial splash. The picture has already grossed \$300,000 in Paris—the returns are not yet in from the back country, where the movie is still showing—and in the U.S., it has broken box-office records all around the art-house circuit.

Made by Louis Malle, 27, a wealthy young sugar-beetnik from northern France, the film runs through an old-fashioned romantic tale, updated from an 18th century novelette by Dominique Vivant Denon, about a well-to-do young wife (Jeanne Moreau) in a small provincial town. Her publisher husband (Alain Cuny) spends most of his time putting the paper to bed. So the wife visits friends in Paris, drifts into a well-why-not affair with a cafe-society type (José-Luis de Villalonga). Suspicious, the husband invites the lover home one weekend and plays a sneaky, overcivilized game of cat-and-mouse with the guilty pair.

That night, sick of her senseless life and ready for anything, the wife takes a midnight stroll in her nightgown through moonlit meadows. She meets a young archaeologist (Jean-Marc Bory), a chance guest in the house. He kisses her. Suddenly, deliriously, they understand that "this is the real thing"—or so the narrator says. *Les amoureux* then go back to her room, and with the sound track blaring Brahms (a sextet, naturally) and the camera calmly watching almost everything that happens, they make passionate and explicitly French love 1) in her bed, 2) in the bathtub, 3) back in bed again. Whereupon the wife, without a second's hesitation or a backward glance, walks out on her husband, her former lover and her small daughter. The couple simply pile into his car and drive off into the dawn. "But," the narration concludes in tones of soaring triumph, "she regretted nothing."

It is unlikely that American moviegoers will see what the French claim to see in this picture. The love scenes, though beautifully played and photographed, will seem to U.S. eyes a snuffling intrusion on the soulful mood—obviously stuck in for their shock value. To the French, who perhaps understand these things better but who certainly sentimentalize the physical side of love, the lust of the lovers is full of spiritual beauty. The picture has had a strong impact in the small towns of France, where apparently a Madame Bovary is still born every minute, and the heroine, who will seem to U.S. audiences no more than a round-heeled dunc, has become a national heroine of the French—a sort of Joan of Arc of the boudoir.

The Cousins (Films-Around-the-World), another immensely popular picture produced by the New Wave, is a fairly clever, mildly depressing study of France's I-got-it-beat generation. Made for \$100,000 by a 27-year-old film criti-



MOREAU & BORY IN *LOVERS*
To the tune of a Brahms sextet

named Claude Chabrol, the film offers a switch on the story of the city mouse (Jean-Claude Brialy) and the country mouse (Gérard Blain). In this case the city mouse is really a rat. Enrolled in law school, he seldom attends classes, spends his time shacking up with "can't-say-no girls," arranging for abortions, curing one hangover and planning the next. When the country cousin, a nice boy not too bright in school, comes to live with him, the rat nibbles away at the country boy's time girl friend (Juliette Mayniel), and his will to work. In the end, the country cousin fails his examinations and the city cousin casually shoots him dead with a gun he didn't know was loaded. And that, the moral would seem to be, is one way to keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree.

The New Pictures

The Story on Page One (20th Century Fox): WIFE AND LOVER HELD IN HUSBAND SLAYING. The husband (Alfred Ryder) is a detective on the police force of a big city in California. His wife (Rita Hayworth) falls in love with a young widow (Gig Young) who visits her one night in her kitchen. The husband catches them pulling a pistol, is shot dead in the scuffle. Charged with murder, the pair are defended by two attorneys—he by a boozey old bungler, she by a fast-talking, hard-sweating young attorney (Anthony Franciosa) who seems to be terribly afraid that he will not get his client out of the clink and into the clinch. The poor boy does not seem to understand as audiences readily will, that the lovers are not really being tried for murder but for adultery

that the jury is not on the screen but in front of it, and that the camera is fighting for the lovers just as hard as he is.

To begin with, the defendants are presented as decent, hard-working, responsible people who want nothing more out of life than a little personal happiness. The husband, on the other hand, is a foul-mouthed, beer-bellied, wife-battering brute. The heroine's honor is smirched "just once," and this not so much for her own pleasure as to comfort the man she loves who has been shattered by the death of his young son. What's more, the poor hero has been hounded all his life by a monster of a mother (Mildred Dunnock) who intends to keep her son if she has to kill him to do it (she hires the incompetent lawyer so she can run the defense as she sees fit). On top of everything else, the state's attorney (Sanford Meisner) proves to be the sort of leering, sneering villain who turns prosecution into persecution.

Actress Hayworth, the onetime pinup girl, has now mastered the role of the beat-down broad, and when she is on-camera, she holds the show in shape. When she is not, the suspense dissolves into a mess of sentimental pablum—hardly the dish a customer expects from Playwright Clifford Odets' *Waiting for Lefty*. Odets, Screenwriter Odets here takes his first crack in 15 years at directing a picture, and perhaps should be forgiven some errors of inexperience. But seasoned Producer Jerry Wald might have done something about Actor Franciosa, an almost comically intense young man who reads every line as though it were his last. No such luck.

Never So Few (Conquerbury Productions: M-G-M), based on the 1957 best-seller (about 500,000 copies) by Tom T. Chamales, is a war picture that helpfully explains to those who were not there what the war in Burma was really like.

It was hell, see. Just a handful of G.I.s and some fawning Burmese out there in the Kachin hills, and a Japanese peeping from behind every other orchid. Fortunately, the enemy looked like monkeys and were awfully dumb. U.S. Army Captain Frank Sinatra was running the show, a Tommy gun in one hand and a bottle in the other. What a man. They called him "the Abe Lincoln of North Burma." Back in Calcutta on leave, Frankie met Gina Lollobrigida, who decided he was the biggest thing to hit those parts since Errol Flynn. "Say," said Frank "you're put together like a Christmas package." Gina played hard to get, but Frank got her. In fact, he got her so often it's a wonder the enemy didn't get them both.

Frank got back to the jungle in time to fight a couple of spectacularly unconvincing battles, but pretty soon he was off to Allied headquarters, where he fought such a long-drawn-out legal engagement with Chiang Kai-shek and the Joint Chiefs of Staff that anybody who sees this picture may be forgiven a profound sigh of ascent when one actor remarks: "You know this war seems to go on forever."

BOOKS

The Two Lives of Nevil Shute

"After two wars I have been in danger too often to bother very much about being killed," Novelist Nevil Shute once wrote, "and when it comes, I would prefer that it should happen in an aeroplane, since aeroplanes have been the best part of my life." Death did not oblige 60-year-old Nevil Shute last week, for it came prosaically in a Melbourne hospital bed, after a stroke. It was an ending the hero of any of Shute's 21 novels would have understood, for each of them faced up dutifully to the enormity of life's commonplaces.

Their creator was far from commonplace. Though he was acclaimed as the top bestseller of all contemporary British authors, and his annual royalties topped the \$175,000 mark, Shute insisted that he wrote novels "for fun." Aviation was his ruling passion, and he pursued it as a flyer, aeronautical engineer, and founder of his own manufacturing firm, Airspeed Ltd. Out of his craft and his passion, Shute fashioned an exciting double life.

A Hook for Soloists. Born Nevil Shute Norway in the London suburb of Ealing on Jan. 17, 1899, the future novelist was the second son of a postal official who turned vacations on the Continent into competent travel books. Like another famed storyteller, Somerset Maugham, the boy suffered from an agonizing stammer. Sensitive Nevil played hooky, haunting the London Science Museum with its glass-enclosed models of the pioneering planes of Blériot and the Wright brothers. At the end of World War I, he entered Oxford as an engineering major. Young Norway was an indifferent student but a fine engineer; in 1923 the fledgling aircraft firm of de Havilland signed him on as a junior designer at £5 a week. The same year he soloed. At the Stag Lane Aerodrome, a crash wagon stood by with an 18-ft. hook, to show the inexperienced pilot "that his friends had it ready to assist him in any difficulty that might arise." Pilot Norway did not crash, then or ever.

Bloody Ruddy. Writing as an off-duty relaxation, Engineer Norway shelved two novels and then soloed fictionally with *Marasam* in 1926. All he recalled of the novel later was a brief interchange with the publisher ("The House of Cassell does not print the word 'bloody'"). The author, whose collected works probably do not contain a four-letter word, changed "bloody" to "ruddy" and dropped his last name for fear his bosses would regard an off-hours fictioneer as "not a serious person." The peak of Shute's engineering career was his work on the airship R. 100, in which he made a triumphant transatlantic crossing to Canada and back in 1930. Short weeks later, an ill-fated sister ship, the R. 101, crashed and burned. Shute chalked the tragedy up to bureaucratic bungling, for which he conceived a lifelong, livid distaste. Engaged to be married, he found himself jobless. Shute corralled a few like-minded airmen and

venture capitalists, rented half of a bus garage in York, and Airspeed Ltd. was born. By the time Shute resigned, with a generous settlement, in 1938, the firm had a payroll of more than 1,000 men and more than £1,000,000 in orders.

Evil Is Inefficient. A fulltime novelist from then on, Shute clung to his methodical engineering habits. From 9:30 a.m. to noon, he typed at his manuscript, seated at a secondhand rolltop desk that his father had given him. A year was par for a novel. As critics and readers quickly learned, his characters behaved with a realistic mixture of human strength and frailty. Storyteller Shute was peculiarly im-

curbed his boating and sports-car racing. He settled into the life of a country squire at his pine and dairy farm at Langwarrin, Victoria.

At his death Shute left a novel, *Trustee from the Toolroom*, April Book-of-the-Month; like his other books, it will probably be a rattling good story and no literary masterpiece. No mound of Ph.D. theses on symbols and significance is likely to be stacked over Shute's books. Yet later years may find them a remarkably reliable portrait of mid-20th century man and his concerns. Shute himself read little, but in Henry James's words, he qualified as "one of the people on whom nothing is lost."

Victors & Vanquished

GENERATION WITHOUT FAREWELL (300 pp.)—Kay Boyle—Knopf (\$3.95).

Only a decade after the period it describes, Kay Boyle's latest novel wears the mustiness of history. She is telling about the U.S. occupation of Germany in 1948; what the occupiers were like, how the occupied saw them, what chances decent, imaginative people found of bridging the gap between victors and vanquished. Author Boyle, a resident of post-war Germany, writes with her usual intensity and better-than-average documentation. And she can see straight to where it is uncomfortable for most people to look—into their own natures.

The situation seems almost routine. Colonel Roberts, the post commander in Fahrbach, is Regular Army, a martinet, a bit contemptuous of the defeated, none too pleased about U.S. efforts to rehabilitate the Nazi mind. His sensitive wife Catherine has long since lived in another world, where human spirit reaches human spirit through some sixth sense that easily transcends differences created by war or nationality. Milly, his teen-age daughter, is so far out in soul land that daddy scarcely knows her. Mamma quickly falls for an impoverished German newspaperman who fought with Rommel and spent two years as a prisoner of war in Colorado. Milly is even more gone on a young German groom. The cast is filled out by a black-marketeering PX manager, a handsome, weak-spined staff lieutenant, and a young U.S. civilian who runs the local America House and hopes to show that the best of the U.S. soul echoes the best of the German.

Author Boyle gets all these people down with a luminous directness that few writers can match. Her brief views of German life and her cameralevel shots of war's destruction will make veterans realize what they only half saw when they were there. But with her poet's range and passion, she overshoots, as she usually has; the human mark. Her Germans are more credible than her own countrymen. The colonel is harshly drawn in a reasonably fair picture, but Milly and Catherine both lack reality. And who can believe that the kind of people described in this novel ever speak with the tongues of poets and philosophers about their love affairs.



Camera Press—Pic

NOVELIST SHUTE

One last enormous commonplace.

mune to the tilt and color of prose, but he fashioned his sentences with pane-of-glass clarity.

If he settled too often for the topical, at least the topics were compelling: racial prejudice (*The Chequer Board*); war's massacre of the innocents (*Pied Piper*); the apocalypse of nuclear global suicide (*On the Beach*). At times Shute was notably prescient. In *Ordeal* (March 1939) he conjured up the spectacle of a bomb-battered England, long before the Comet crashes; he visualized aircraft exploding from metal fatigue (*No Highway*). In an age of equivocal values, Shute took an authoritative, old-fashioned moral stance. His men were manly. His women were womanly and virtuous. Sex was linked to marriage; evil, when it existed at all, was apt to be just inefficiency.

In World War II, Nevil Shute, with the rank of lieutenant commander in the British Admiralty, worked on secret weapons. In 1950, fed up with confiscatory taxes and a feeling of decline in welfare-state Britain, he moved to Australia. A series of heart attacks grounded the old flyer and



Tales of the colonists

Many of the old American stories that thrilled us as children are re-told and re-illustrated in LIFE this week, in color. Part three of LIFE's series on the Folklore of America deals with the sometimes eerie tales of the colonists who loved to tell stories. In the telling, the heroes and heroines became more and more heroic. Eventually they entered into the authentic folklore of America. Fact became picturesque fantasy, often set in foreboding places and suggested no doubt by the thick and dark forests that hemmed in the young settlements. LIFE is happy to bring you this rich Americana in 12 pages of paintings by Artist James Lewicki. You'll live again the immortal stories of Father Marquette, Virginia Dare, Captain Kidd, Rip Van Winkle and others.

Drug traffic

From opium poppy fields of Turkey and China to a shot of heroin in a big city playground. That sums up the vicious evils of the narcotics trade. LIFE this week tells the story of the unrelenting war against the drug smuggler.



Elopement

When heiress Gamble Benedict and her admirer eloped, they started an unusual reporting-sleuthing operation by LIFE's news staff which turned up new aspects of the story. In a 9-page lead you'll see many exclusive pictures.



OUT TODAY...

in the new issue of

LIFE

their hopes and aspirations for humanity?

Where Author Boyle does succeed is in her unerring demonstration of how difficult it is for conqueror and conquered to meet at any level below the let's-get-along surface. And she can suggest, rather than tiresomely explain, that history and national character are still tragically more decisive than any common love for the good, the true and the beautiful.

The Omphalosopher of Love

THE SAGE OF SEX (292 pp.)—Arthur Calder-Marshall—Putnam (\$5).

When H. E. was twelve, his mother thrust his baby sister's warm, wet diaper in his face. This, together with mother's delight in making water on her hand because it "was good for the skin," gave H. E. a perverse and lifelong fascination with performing or watching micturition. When he married at the age of 32, he made his wife submit to the following pact: separate lodgings, no children, no mutual economic support, lengthy separations, no vows of lifelong fidelity. When his wife embarked on a series of Lesbian affairs, H. E. imperturbably gave his blessing and made some "dear friendships" with other women. These friendships never progressed beyond kisses and preliminary love play, because H. E. was sexually impotent. After a quarter-century of tormented marriage, his wife died, and past the age of 60, H. E. became potent for the first time with a French mistress young enough to be his daughter.

Such a man might be presumed to be in dire need of psychiatric help. Instead, he gave sexual counsel to millions. For H. E. was Henry Havelock Ellis, the most renowned sexologist of the English-speaking world.

In a slyly barbed study that might pass for one of Lytton Strachey's lesser portraits of eminent Victorians, British Author Arthur Calder-Marshall has done the best biography yet of the self-made sage of sex. It is not Author Calder-Marshall's purpose to debunk, but nearness lends disenchantment with a man like Ellis. The heroic side is that, leading from utter weakness, Ellis helped win such a signal victory for the study of sexual deviations as to rob posterity of its need of him.

What Thou Wilt. Apart from Mam'ma's quirks, Havelock's boyhood in Surrey was uneventful to the point of torpor. The boy was a bookworm; the man would be a cultural boa constrictor gorged with print. He had four sisters and an absentee sea-captain father; Ellis would be woman-handled most of his life. Papa interrupted his son's reading twice, once to take him around the world at the age of seven, and a second time at 16, to deposit him in Australia for a four-year stretch of schoolmastering in the rough-and-tumble outback. Havelock roughed it, but he was a dud as a teacher. As he later reported with clinical detachment in his autobiography, he experienced his first diurnal, involuntary orgasm in Australia (while reading the *Dames Galantes* of Brantôme).

Back in England, Ellis toyed with the idea of entering the Anglican ministry, but lost his faith and then decided to become a physician, which he eventually did. He became absorbed in a cult, the Hinton circle. Its late founder, James Hinton, had been a blend of crackpot and sexton. Under the doctrine of "service," Hinton preached polygamy and practiced promiscuity among lonely women and errant wives. High-minded Havelock saw in this only a band of free spirits snapping the moral chains of Victorian bondage. He adopted the Hinton motto, *Fay ce que voudras* (Do What Thou Wilt) as his own. As one of Ellis' women friends subsequently pointed out, it was a perfectly innocuous creed for him, since Havelock was tempted to do so little. The women



Associated Press

SEXOLOGIST ELLIS

Life & marriage were spectator sports.

who entered Ellis' life usually came for solace: they were customarily fleeing from men, or from themselves, to a sympathetic confidant.

Loving Sets. It was Ellis' fate to attract a fairly odd lot. The first was Olive Schreiner, a British novelist who was unhappy about being a happy masochist. She was apparently looking for a man more virile than most, yet not a sadist, who would lead her back to normalcy. Once she heard Havelock's high, piping voice and saw his shy, reclusive ways, she guessed that he was not the man. However, they did manage a few sets of love play together, and Havelock, for whom a kiss "was as violent an action as near-rage," regarded Olive as one of the emotional high spots in his life.

The woman Ellis married was Edith Lees, a short and vibrant manic-depressive who subsequently became a novelist, playwright and lecturer. Havelock rather disliked her protrusive blue eyes, but he could not resist her New-Woman camaraderie. After a civil ceremony at the Pad-

dington registry office on Dec. 19, 1891, Ellis tried to skip his bride's "at home" gathering that very afternoon.

From then on, Ellis skipped most of his husbandly duties on the plea that his work came first. To Ellis, marriage was a spectator sport, and so was life. He was a born navel-gazer, one of nature's omphalosophers. His wife might be heading for a mental crack-up, but Ellis would be happily pottering with Kraft-Ebing's *Psychotherapy Sexualis*, or the latest article on the mescal button (the source of Aldous Huxley's mystic wonder drug, mescaline). The authentic Ellis touch is that he asked his wife to do research among her invert friends for the first volume of his famed *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*. Ellis could temporarily shelve his work when he himself made extramarital friendships with Amy Barker Smith and Margaret Sanger, the birth-control propagandist. He tried to soothe Edith's rage by claiming that the first affair did not matter because it was merely physical (only the spiritual counted), and the second did not matter because it was merely Platonic. Consistency was not the hobgoblin to terrify Ellis. Free-spirited Edith finally insisted on a legal separation, and before she died in 1916, went mad.

Afternoon of a Faun. What happened next beggared Ellis' never great expectations. He fell in love with the estranged French wife of a Russian army officer, made her his mistress, and came to know the simple joys of what was all but legally a conventional marriage. Ellis nicknamed the thirtyish Françoise "Naiad," and she called him "Faun." She gave the Faun a remarkable afternoon. The erstwhile solitary wanted her with him all the time. To her young sons, whom he initially feared, he became a doting paterfamilias. He had lived out the classic scandal of the intellectual. After a lifetime of scholarly ferreting, he had come to the same conclusions about the emotional essentials of life that the untutored common man of the day grasps intuitively about the time he dons his second pair of long pants.

Long before Havelock Ellis died in 1930, his prestige as a sexologist had been overshadowed by Freud's. His *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* is so weighted with abnormal cases that to generalize from them is rather like taking a height norm from a sampling of basketball centers. His self-authorized autobiography *My Life*, is a talky, pseudo-cand-d aside. In his literary essays, e.g., on Diderot, Whitman, Ibsen, he was an appreciator but no critic. As a thinker he belongs to the age of the New Woman, with its feminists, pacifists and socialists—pressed flowers in the book of ideas. Ellis' real enemy was Victorian prudery, and the real dragon he killed was Mrs. Grundy. As a freedom fighter he was doughty enough to call for the humane treatment of homosexuals when England was still seething with the trial of Oscar Wilde. His unshockability has become a sophisticated and sometimes cynical 20th century attitude; but in Havelock Ellis it

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was a native generosity of mind. As he himself put it: "What others have driven out of consciousness or pushed into the background as being impure or obscene, I have maintained and held in honour."

Twilight by the Danube

THE HOUSE IN VIENNA [244 pp.]—
Edith de Born—Knopf [\$3.95].

Aristocracy, like fine cheese, is usually at its most interesting in an advanced state of decay. Chekhov demonstrated this in prerevolutionary Russia. William Faulkner in post-Civil War America. Theoretically the decline of the Austro-Hungarian nobility before and after World War I ought to make equally pungent fiction. Unfortunately this is only sometimes the case in Author de Born's new novel, the second installment of a trilogy (the first, *Felding Castle*, published early last year, was set in 1900 and carried a nostalgic remembrance of that time of sunlit lawns, masquerade balls and resplendent peasants).

The new heroine is Baroness Milli von Kallern, 23, unmarried and disenchanted with life in the Socialist, poverty-stricken Vienna of 1926. When her love for studly Prince Wieland Traun is rebuffed, Milli despairingly gives herself to another young man, in what may well be the most tepidly described seduction in contemporary literature: "One day in their flat, when his mother was out for a couple of hours only, he began to undress me . . . That I was a virgin surprised him."

The Von Kallern family mansion (the former palace of an archbishop) is overrun by a plague of sponging Croatian relatives; Milli's gentle father dutifully writes his futile memoirs; her dashing brother Karli spends his nights gambling; his days wading nose-deep in her財nesses. Milli drifts moodily through her days, hears people talking about a man named (she thinks) Albert Hitler, beats her head against the prison walls of faded gentility, and makes vague, hopelessly unrealistic plans to work in a hotel or a tourist agency. Rescue finally comes when an aunt who has married a U.S. millionaire sweeps into Vienna vaguely trying to conquer her own past and sweeps Milli off to New York.

Author Edith de Born, fiftyish, is herself Viennese, lives in Belgium as the wife of a French banker. She writes in a rather stiff English that never conveys the cozy weariness of Viennese upper-class slang. And many clichés of her adopted language apparently still seize her as fresh; too often her characters change at the bit or need troubles weighing on them "like a millstone." To Author de Born's credit, her characterization is not nearly so cliché-ridden as her language. The sad pleasures of between-wars Vienna, the long afternoons of penurious idleness, the twilight of great houses, are evocatively done. But many readers may wish that the novel dealt more fully with swashbuckling brother Karli, who at least attempts to fight his way out of stagnation, and less with Sister Milli, who does little except to complain about those millstones.

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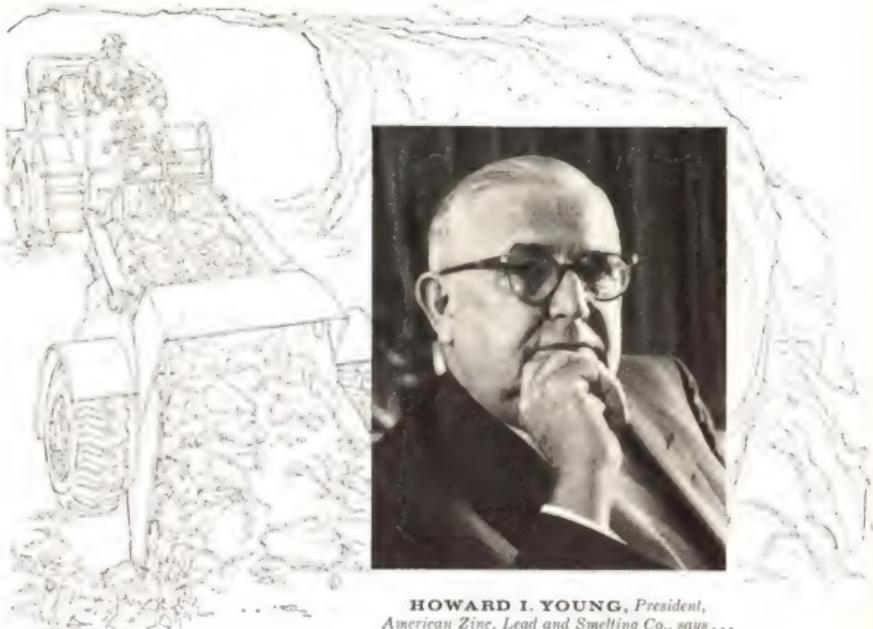
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Black Orpheus (French). Director Marcel Camus' modern version of the Orpheus legend, set in Brazil, is one of the most impressive cans of film so far cast up on U.S. shores by the so-called New Wave of French movies.

The 400 Blows (French). In another excellent New Wave film, the story of a runaway delinquent boy is turned into a broad indictment of the audience itself and society at large.

Ben-Hur. Hollywood's most colossal film deserves most of the stupendous adjectives that M-G-M has lavished upon it.

Third Man on the Mountain. Beautifully photographed in Switzerland, James Ramsey Ullman's *Banner in the Sky* has become a sort of alpine Huckleberry Finn.

They Came to Cordura. A Gary Cooper shoot-'em-up with depth, exploring the nature of courage—physical and spiritual. With Rita Hayworth.

Pillow Talk. Rock Hudson, as a song-writing satyr, amusingly shares a party line with Doris Day, an overdecorated interior decorator.

The Magician (Swedish). Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman pleases the eye and agitates the mind with a production often as eerie as a Kafka nightmare.

North by Northwest. Superb Hitchcock-and-bullets, with Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint.

TELEVISION

Wed., Jan. 20

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).⁶ A primer for all potential stock speculators. *Full Disclosure* is a frank and fact-filled tour of the "bucket shops" and "boiler rooms" where too many market amateurs are separated from their cash.

Fri., Jan. 22

The Twilight Zone (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). The department-store buyer's vacation was supposed to be a pleasant cross-country car trip, but somewhere, as *The Hitchhiker* shows, she made the wrong turn. With Inger Stevens.

Sat., Jan. 23

Young People's Concerts (CBS, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). Live, from Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducts the New York Philharmonic.

World Wide 60 (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). The first of a new series reflecting the network's decision to beef up its news and public-affairs programs. *Castro's Year of Power* will examine the impact on Cuban life of the revolutionary regime. Color.

Sun., Jan. 24

Television Workshop (CBS, 12 noon-12:55 p.m.). Established last fall to develop fresh TV writing and directing talent, the workshop makes its debut by presenting *The Brick and the Rose*, a first TV play by Lewis John Carlino.

Johns Hopkins File 7 (ABC, 12 noon-12:30 p.m.). How did the Aztec and Maya Indians—who almost surely never saw an elephant—come to put the big beasts in their art and writings? Johns Hopkins Ge-



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ographer George Carter tackles the intriguing question in *Elephants Are Where You Find Them*.

Conquest (CBS, 5-5:30 p.m.). How "rocket astronomy," one of the fascinating developments of space-age research, is said to have taught man more about the sun in two years than he has learned in all previous history. Host for *The Mystery of the Sun*: Charles Collingwood.

Bing Crosby Golf Classic (ABC, 5:30 p.m.). The pros and their amateur partners at Pebble Beach, Calif.

Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). On-the-spot films of the Danish underground at work during World War II, including an interview with Captain Christian Kisling, last leader of Denmark's secret saboteurs.

Our American Heritage (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). *Destiny Charles Frémont*, pioneer of America's 19th century continental expansion. With Jeffrey Hunter (Frémont), Howard St. John (Thomas Hart Benton), Susan Strasberg (Jessie Benton Frémont) and James Daly (Kit Carson).

Tues., Jan. 26
Ford Star Time (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). In *The Wonderful World of Jack Paar*, the big-budget show salutes an operator who showed TV producers how to entertain for peanuts. Jack is joined by some guests he has helped promote: Singer Pat Suzuki, Comic Jonathan Winters, Pianist José Melis.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Andersonville Trial. Playwright Saul Levitt and Director José Ferrer recreate the post-Civil War trial of the Confederate officer who ran the notorious prison camp at Andersonville, Ga. Although dammingly forced and ultimately unsatisfying, the moral battle in the courtroom has both bursts of eloquence and bouts of theater.

Five Finger Exercise. British Playwright Peter Shaffer lays out the battle lines of a marital war between a man of rough sensibility (Roland Culver) and his culture-fey wife (Jessica Tandy), with their son and a German tutor caught in no man's land.

Fiorello! Actor Tom Bosley makes the most of his Little Flower pot in a musical that overwhelms its faults with reminiscence and satire.

The Miracle Worker. Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke ingeniously re-create the story of young Helen Keller and Nurse Annie Sullivan in an uneven but theatrically stirring play by William (*Two for the Seesaw*) Gibson.

The Tenth Man. If Paddy Chayefsky's play is weak philosophically, it is nonetheless an authentic theater piece about mental illness treated by ancient methods in a Mineola, L.I., synagogue.

Take Me Along. The musical version of Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* is a nostalgically pleasant experience. Walter Pidgeon, Jackie Gleason, Eileen Herlie.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Good Light, by Karl Bjarnhof. A moving sequel to a fine novel (*The Stars Grew Pale*), the book tells of an adoles-

cent boy in an institution for the blind, who slowly loses his sight but retains his sanity and love of life.

Collected Essays, by Allen Tate. Trenchant examinations of authors, critics and 20th century society, categories well supplied with targets for Agrarian Poet Tate's disapproval.

Charley Is My Darling, by Joyce Cary. An early (1940) Cary novel about an adolescent slum runner evacuated to the English countryside during the blitz, wryly and sympathetically written to show that "every ordinary child is by nature a delinquent."

The Joy of Music, by Leonard Bernstein. Using mostly scripts of his notable TV shows, the conductor-composer writes about music for the layman without sounding like a practitioner of what he calls the "Music Appreciation Racket."

Where the Boys Are, by Glendon Swarthout. A comical, exaggerated investigation of the springtime phenomenon: the collegian swarm to Fort Lauderdale, Fla., where the action is as hot and horizontal as the sand.

Friday's Footprint, by Nadine Gordimer. A skilled author writes stories of whited Africa, and of cowardly jolly characters within whom soundless voices cry for help.

Strike for a Kingdom, by Menna Gallie. Welsh coal miners strike, and so does a murderer in this sorrow-laced, comic novel by a woman who writes well of men.

Billy Liar, by Keith Waterhouse. A young mortician's clerk in Yorkshire dreams of becoming a London gag writer, but succeeds, in this slightly muddled comic novel, only in losing his head while all about him are keeping theirs.

Diploma, by Charles W. Thayer. The hazards and trade secrets of the morning-coat trade are well described by the morning-coat service, a 20-year veteran of the U.S. foreign service.

The Papers of Benjamin Franklin, Vol. I, edited by Leonard W. Labaree. Philadelphia's journalist-gadgeteer-diplomat appears far livelier than his own homilies in this well-prepared collection that extends through his 28th year.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Hawaii**, Michener (11)
2. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (2)
3. **Dear and Glorious Physician**, Caldwell (4)
4. **Exodus**, Uriv (6)
5. **The Darkness and the Dawn**, Costain (5)
6. **Poor No More**, Ruark (3)
7. **The Ugly American**, Lederer and Burdick (7)
8. **The War Lover**, Hersey (10)
9. **The Devil's Advocate**, West (9)
10. **The Breaking Point**, Du Maurier

NONFICTION

1. **Act One**, Hart (1)
 2. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (2)
 3. **This Is My God**, Wook (7)
 4. **The Longest Day**, Ryan (5)
 5. **The Status Seekers**, Packard (3)
 6. **The Joy of Music**, Bernstein (6)
 7. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers**, King
 8. **My Wicked, Wicked Ways**, Flynn
 9. **The Armada**, Matttingly (4)
 10. **The Stolen Years**, Touhy (8)
- Position on last week's list.

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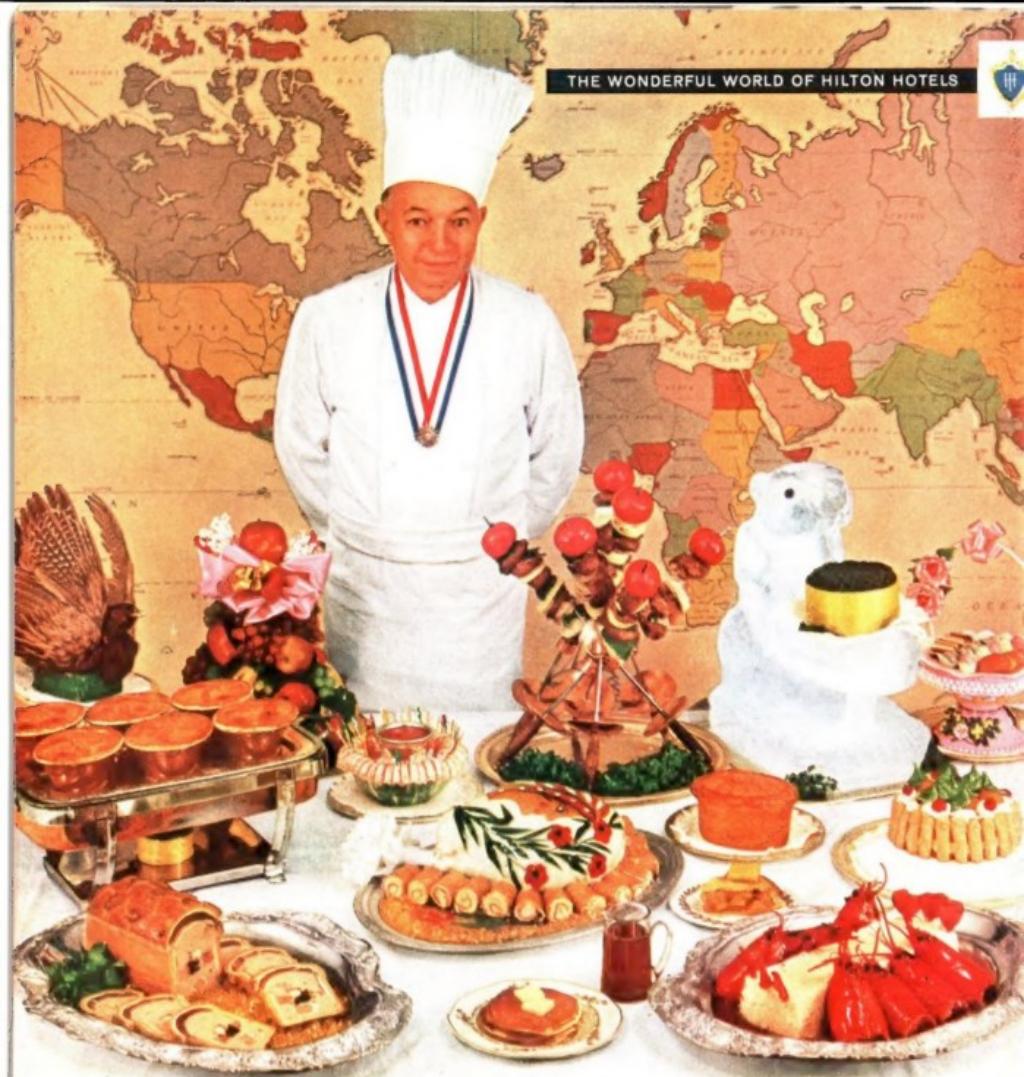
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